ORIENTAL WANDERINGS.



A ROMANCE.

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ORIENTAL WANDERINGS;

OR,

THE FORTUNES OF FELIX.

A Romance.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

By T. E.

> ——————Well, go to! take a voolt's
> Counsel, and do not stand i' your own light:
> It may prove petter than you think for, look you.
>
> BEN JONSON'S *Tale of a Tub.*

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ORIENTAL WANDERINGS.

CHAPTER I.

————— —————Thou shalt be as free
As mountain winds. But then exactly do
All points of my command.

SHAKESPEARE'S *Tempest*

READER, you must know, by all I have been able to ascertain, that the chevalier Kilrest behaved most uncommonly civil on the journey to signora mademoiselle Orinda, or *Flavious,* as her necromantic master was pleased to call her, except it was before company, and then he was the mighty imperious lord and ruler; and Orinda at times found it extremely difficult to obey with sufficient alacrity the

manifold commands of her dogstar-looking master.

Their first place of stoppage, or halt, was made where it was anticipated by those left in the ruins of the ravine, and close in the neighbourhood of the summer palace of Elmuton, which was pointed out by the aged gipsy to the notice of the Christians, on the heights above the cavern, and which was rendered famous as being the supposed place where a former caliph, named Osmar, was generally thought to have been murdered, by order of Elmuton.

Although this caravansary was reckoned the grandest in Egypt, and the last on this route to Cairo, still fearlessly and dauntlessly did the pompous tracer of the hemispheres make up to the entrance of the "*imperial stand*," as it was called; and with an imperial sort of manner, commanded lodging and attendance for himself, his mules, and slave, taking especial good care, at the same time, to back his consequential behaviour with a display of

his riches, and to astonish the natives by his wealth; well knowing, and as all travellers may soon learn, that is a sure way to have a ready compliance to all our wishes; and ordering the most costly viands to be prepared for him, and to have the mules taken uncommon care of, and to be placed in the coolest stables. He then desired to be shewn the most lofty apartment of the inn; and not deigning to speak to, but beckoning Orinda to follow, he took his staff of wonder, and strode, with a mighty step, up three or four marble staircases, as though he was going to ascend the ether vault, and there fix himself, a neighbour constellation to the Great Bear, and retain Orinda as his satellite.

The wily stargazer, however, took good care, the few hours he remained here, to keep himself to his own apartment, and thus pass at least for "a wise man of the East," or peradventure he might meet with some unpleasant rencontre; for the spot hereabouts was much frequented by

those of classic lore, and many Egyptian sprigs of learning resided near, it being considered a healthy part, and close on the banks of the Nile; and where men of information, our gipsy king imagined, might perhaps take the liberty to fall into conversation with his logical majesty, and by their talent rather obscure his glory, or have slipped his mask a little on one side, which would have been much the same thing; therefore he conceived it to be the more prudent plan to remain private, and sleep a few hours, than run the hazard of a conjunction with, very likely, a superior luminary, and thus suffer the mortification of being eclipsed; for he was well aware this was a dangerous sphere for him to attempt to shine forth in, in the character his dress bespoke.

When the sun began to decline, then was the time for Kilrest and Orinda to be again stirring, and make the effort that was to carry them to their destination, and they anticipated to gain Cairo about midnight; and, to come to the point of

fact at once, this they accomplished, just as the hollow sound of the great gong vibrated upon the bosom of the Nile, and lost itself in the vast expanse. It was at this moment they entered a miserable house of entertainment for travellers in the suburbs, where, after giving their jaded mules into safe custody, and refreshing themselves with a hasty meal, they set off toward the late residence of Selinus, in the old town of Cairo, as that part was called, to make the important discovery, and to wrest the valuable jewels from mouldering obscurity.

This, however, proved, upon experience, to be no such easy matter as was at first conceived; the street, or space where the late residence of Selinus was situated, being chiefly inhabited by Christians, was now dreary, and almost totally forsaken. The absence of the rich merchant, and the sudden manner of his departure, had given much alarm to those of his belief, and in the best way possible had most of the merchants quitted the city. Selinus, even

by some of his most particular friends, was held blamable for the encouragement he had given to the son of the great caliph Elmuton; and by the viceroy, and those in power, was his offence held rank and unpardonable; and when his precipitate flight was become the common talk of the city, the suspicion of the Mussulmen was created, and soon fanned their natural hatred into implacable fury and detestation.

The devoted Christians that remained, intending to hazard the brunt of the storm, if they possibly could, were insulted at every point with impunity. Business was become at a stand—midnight assassinations and open broils pervaded the entire city of Cairo and quays of Bulac—heads of murdered Christians were often found in the morning, stuck upon railings, or posts, in different parts of the town, with every mark of insult and derision, appertaining to their faith, prefixed to them. Children, in the squares and by-places, were to be seen in groupes, performing the

many ceremonies and forms of Christian worship, in the most extravagant ridicule and mockery; but the forms of baptism and marriage seemed the most prevalent; and scarce a ragged urchin in Cairo existed, but who had a Christian surname given him, as a nickname. Prayers were even offered in the mosques, invoking curses on the opposite believers, and horrid blasphemy was in the mouth of each renegado, as execrations, terrible and appalling, were heard from every wretch. The forsaken abodes of the Christians were pillaged and ransacked — indeed many were burned down; and even the sacred edifice for their worship was hourly insulted and degraded. If a female of the race was found in the street, she was sure to be maltreated, and all were indiscriminately hooted, and called *Orinda, the wife of the apostate Felix!* Such Turks as had had their children named after the late prince, took them again before the mufti, or chief priest, and had some other

name given, for the appellation was now become a stigma.

In such abhorrence was every circumstance held that bore the least tendency to the late apostacy, that it was both dangerous and impolitic to continue the observance. Guards and sentries were doubled, and even trebled, at the posts; and watchmen were placed where such had never been placed before. The Mamelukes too, to make the commotion the greater, were in midnight and secret cabals. Domestic and state affairs seemed alike to have the storm suspended over them.

When Kilrest and Orinda sought the house of Selinus, they found it nearly a heap of ruins, and what apartments remained, through which they had to pass, were mostly occupied by the fugitive half-starved dogs, that in such innumerable packs infest this city. When this distressing scene met the sight of Orinda, she had nearly died with fear and sorrow, and it demanded the utmost power of the gip-

sy to back his encouragement to Orinda to commence the search for the treasures.

A copious flood of tears relieved the nearly-bursting heart of the poor female, which when it had in some measure subsided, the undertaking was commenced. They crossed the encumbered doorway, and scrambled over fragments of broken furniture; for so confident was the Christian wife as to the spot, and so well known to her recollection the place of the precious deposit, that they had procured no light, or if they had, it would have rendered the danger doubly dangerous; the light of the stars was sufficient for their out-of-doors proceeding, and the light of Orinda's memory was obliged to serve the purposes within.

Orinda proceeded, griping fast the hand, and guiding Kilrest. Thus, in darkness and silence, they groped their passage, until they came to the entrance of the cellars, or vaults, beneath the house; these, after encountering many difficulties, they suc-

ceeded in penetrating, which being accomplished, their way became more open, and their path less impeded, from the effects of wantonness and plunder. When they had gained some distance, the pair stood for a moment to breathe freely, and exchanged a few words of encouragement and comfort to each other; now they listened—each gave an attentive ear—all seemed hushed and still. Orinda, with greater fervency, clasped the hand of Kilrest, and begged him cautiously to advance a few paces further, and she would then guide his touch to the secret hiding-place of the precious store.

After descending three or four steep steps, the female bade her companion stoop; with a trembling hand she then guided his to a flat stone, which was placed so as to seem a casual footstep; and a little below the surface of the rubbish beneath, he would there discover the substance of the casket that contained the value of their arduous search.

This wish was soon and eagerly per-

formed by the adventurous gipsy, when presently his raptures overcame his prudence, and in a shout he exclaimed—"By the Prophet's shade, we have it!"

Orinda was alarmed at this untoward burst, and, as by instinct, covered his rebel mouth with her tremulous hand; and in the next moment ran her eager fingers over the shape of the box, and affirmed *that all was right.*

After which the pair stood for a time in breathless silence, the hands of each griping fast the precious repository of wealth; nor did they at all seem conscious where they were, or of their present situation, until aroused by the hoarse voice of the watchman, as he passed the outer opening, and the hollow sound penetrated the cells where the honest defrauders lurked; this startled them from their reverie, and forcibly informed them all the danger was not passed, although their object was thus far gained.

The next consideration was, who would be the fittest bearer of the precious bur-

then? Kilrest soon determined this, and requested Orinda to button the case within her jacket, under the left arm, and let her short cloak hang over that part, as the usual fashion was.

It may be perhaps proper to give a little sketch of the dimensions here of this said casket, that has caused so much stir. Be it known then, it was a curious-wrought but rough-looking kind of thing, to contain such valuable commodities, and secured with a large seal, that covered the whole of the hasp; its length was about eighteen inches, the breadth nine, and the entire depth rather more than three inches. The female instantly agreed to take the charge, and it was secreted as proposed, and thus far seemed perfectly secure.

Orinda now fell upon her knees, and delivered a short prayer and thanksgiving for the last time beneath her paternal roof, and where she first drew the breath of life, and where, within the last month, a revolution had been worked, of so distressing a tendency in the sequel, the remembrance

of which brought such a torrent of tears, and multiplied ideas across her mind, as almost to bewilder her senses.

The gipsy was forced to interrupt her sorrows and meditations, and shew the dark side of the predicament they now stood in, ere he could sufficiently arouse her, to quit, now and for ever, her birth-place—the place where she had witnessed much happiness, and the home that had been so dear to her. And, as they stole like thieves through the apartments, where so late comfort and ease, affluence and peace, reigned around—but now, alas, how changed the scene! dark, deserted, comfortless, despoiled, polluted, and hourly becoming the receptacle of filth; and where human creatures late so happy lived, was now a kennel for wandering brutes—with all her fortitude, past scenes would haunt her recollection, and recollection damp her fortitude; yet, ere they gained the last outlet, they once more made a halt for a few minutes, to ascertain if all was safe within their hearing.

All seemed still, and they ventured into the open space; which, however, they had scarcely gained, before they were alarmed by two persons rushing past them in great speed and agitation, as their quick breathing fully demonstrated, and as though they were closely pursued; and so it proved, for presently came, in great haste, and stirring the thick sandy path in clouds around them, six or eight of the caliph's guards; yet, so sudden had they come upon our pair of adventurers, that they could seek no place to shelter themselves, or avoid the observation.

Instantly were they challenged, as to *what* or *whom* they were.

Poor Orinda was struck dumb and motionless.

Kilrest, with much *sang-froid*, answered—"Pass on, friends; all is well, praise to the Prophet, and the caliph Elmuton!"

"Amen! to that," cried him who led the van; "but as to our being friends, that must be further proved. Friend is the hackneyed theme for the direst foes, now-

a-days. Nor do I think thou art very sincere in thy speech, if I may judge by the company thou keepest. What does this *Christian* boy here, at this hour of the night, when all of his race are *proscribed?* and lurking, too, about this hellish neighbourhood, where so much cursed mischief has of late been hatched, and by that arch traitor Selinus, and his witch of a daughter."

"This boy," answered Kilrest, "is my slave, and I am in my passage to the open river side, there to await the rising of the sun, and catch the appearance of departing night. The skies, for some hours past, have been full of signs, omens, and wonders. The face of the heavens is become mysterious, and requires to be cautiously read: a riddle is formed by the stars, and, for the benefit of mankind, must speedily be expounded! so pass your ways, men of arms, nor perplex my meditations."

All this piece of rodomontade was delivered with such mystical gesture, and

pompous manner, that the soldiers were confused; and their leader thus addressed the mighty expounder, confounder, and compounder of the heavenly bodies.—"I crave thy mercy, good father magician, for detaining thee; but this boy, thy slave, must not pass. By his garb, he is a Christian, and hath set the high decree of the great caliph Elmuton at defiance, by being seen in the street at this hour, or even to be out of his residence after sunset; that was the decree given out this evening, by seignior Sebastian, and he must answer the offence before the caliph's court, to-morrow evening, and until then remain in custody, at the common cage."

This information for a moment staggered the cunning invention of the gipsy, who took the opportunity to whisper Orinda, and bid her maintain a sullen silence, leaving the whole matter to him, and, on no pretence whatever, to leave him for a moment. He then turned to the guard, and said—"We have not before heard of this decree—nor is it justice

to the Christian—nor can I spare the use I have for this boy; for know, ye men of Cairo, he is a far comer, and strangely gifted withal. What I have discovered, and further would discover, cannot be done without him; and if the warnings of the more favourable planets be suffered to depart without a proper notice, wo fall on your heads! *wo* to *Cairo! wo* to *Egypt!*"

The mock solemnity with which this speech was delivered, and threat held out, had just done the business. The soldiers looked fearfully on each other, and were separating, to make way for this wonderful magician and his gifted boy to pass, when, in the nick of time, a horse party of savage-looking troopers came, and, *sans ceremonie*, commanded the pair to be taken off to the cage, the moment they discovered one to be a Christian. In vain were plagues to visit—earthquakes to shiver—the *sun* to dissolve the *moon*—the *stars* to destroy each other—the *Archer* to shoot the *Twins*—the *Great Bear* to swallow

the *Crab*—or the *Scorpion* to maim the *Ram*—or the *Nile* to dry up; all these were considered as things in the common course. All that this king of conjurors could say or threaten, was of no avail to the mounted officer; he was an unbelieving *infidel*, a scandal to *Mahomet's mule*, and a disgrace to the whole race of *Mussulmen*, a most mortal hater of the *Christians*—and, when any of that faith were concerned, he set the sun, moon, and all the stars, at defiance, and paid no more attention to the gifted pair, than he would to the dogstar in midday, except that he hurried them forward, with the point of his lance, to the common cage, and, when safely lodged there, demanded them to deliver whatever they had about them, and commanded his men to search them.

Nothing, however, was found upon the knight of the order of the Zodiac, except nondescript matters of mystery, which certainly the Mussulmen did not seem to much like the appearance of, and soon the

ceremony of examination ended with him. The insulted *man-of-the-moon*, then in high dudgeon, turned to Orinda, and with much seeming mystery, ordered her to deliver up that case from under her garment.

The trembling female did it. He, taking it from her, seemed to perform some cabalistic ceremony over it, and then offered it, first to one, and then to the other of the guards assembled; but none seemed willing to have any thing to do with it, for he put such dreadful threats and visitations to fall upon him that broke the seal, that no one would attempt it, and but few even touch the casket.

At last the officer, who so peremptorily ordered them into custody, perceived it to have a seal, the impression of which bore some tendency to Christianity; he therefore ordered it to be taken care of, and be delivered up to the proper authorities, when the prisoners should go before the court; if then the seal was broken, let them abide by the consequences.

Without further ceremony, this mighty

riddling reader, and his trembling *gifted boy*, were ordered into confinement, in the common cage of Grand Cairo. Oh, monstrous, ye cruel Turks! but whether out of respect, or veneration for his profound knowledge, or a pretty strong smatch of superstition in his gaolers, we will not pretend to say, but, for some certain reason or other, they were put apart from the other prisoners; for so it happened, the cage was this night unusually crowded with delinquents of different orders, and our particular acquaintances were allowed to enjoy an apartment to themselves, and were tolerably well provided with every thing necessary, both for rest and nourishment, but there to abide until after sunset, the following day, or, rather, the same day; for, by the time they entered their place of confinement, the dawn was fast approaching.

We shall not attempt to describe how the hours of their incarceration were passed, nor to picture the state of their minds, that were ridiculous, and a futile waste of

time; suffice it to say, as soon as they were left alone, Orinda threw herself on a mattress, and appeared insensible to every thing or thought, save the horrors of her situation, and the painful emotions created by her recollection of those so near and dear to her, and now lingering in suspense in the ruins of the ravine.

The feelings of the gipsy were differently expressed to those of his captive partner, save and except in one particular sense, that neither spoke a word for several hours. Kilrest sometimes paced the floor with a hurried and disordered step, at others with a slow vacant one. At times would he remain for a long period together motionless, his eyes one minute wandering over the whole space, and the next sternly fixed, yet seemingly not noticing any direct object. Now would he gnash his teeth, and with his clenched fist strike with vehemence his head or breast, then play with his fingers, and almost betray a smile on his working countenance; and frequently would he pass to the

pitcher, and swallow copious draughts of water, and eagerly devour a hard biscuit, yet in a manner which bespoke his mind was so absorbed, that he was scarcely sensible of the action of his body. And thus passed about fifteen hours, ere the time arrived that they should be taken to the caliph's court, which most likely is the next place where we shall meet them, and until then take our leave.

It will be remembered, when we last left Cairo, in our narration, Sadak, the Pagan slave, had made a most important discovery, which was that of a plot to rob the veteran officer Monrod of his being, and the great caliph Elmuton of his reason. This was obtained as the slave lurked under the garden-wall of the harem, when he made his escape, after his first interview with his betrothed and fondly-loved Zoa, and was divulged to Monrod; which officer secreted the Pagan in his own chamber, until the hour proposed to complete the horrid conspiracy should arrive, which was planned by Sebastian, and his

creature Saldan, and was to take place that same night, at sherbet drinking, when Elmuton intended to hold a little revel with his officers.

The execution of the infernal scheme was, however, prevented, in consequence of Sebastian receiving a slight hurt, as he was mounting his horse, which confined him to his chamber two or three days. This mishap occurring to the principal actor, Monrod was well aware the tragedy would not be attempted to be performed, until he should be sufficiently recovered for the undertaking.

Such being the case, Monrod became embarrassed in his thoughts what to do with the slave, whom he wished to retain as the chief evidence. It appeared inconsistent, and almost impossible, to hold him detained where he was at present; and if he suffered him to depart, and mix as usual with his fellow-slaves, perhaps he might divulge the important secret, and thus mar the ends of justice. For too well the old veteran knew, unless he detected the mon-

ster Sebastian in the very fact, the ascendancy he held over his master would at once destroy the aim. He was puzzled how to proceed, or who to make a useful confidant. No one was likely, among the many that occurred to his mind, save Tabel, the eunuch dwarf. He would be able to find an excuse at once for the absence of the slave, and be the only member about the castle to guard Elmuton from danger, and watch the movements of Sebastian.

On this expedient he resolved, and at a venture to intrust the curious dwarf with the secret; and by making him a participator in the discovery, securely hold him to his purpose. He well knew the mind of this strange mixture of human stuff; he also knew him to be in direct opposition to the villain Sebastian, in his heart, and most cordially he believed he hated him for his cruelty to the banished prince Felix. He therefore instantly sought him out, and after binding him with a solemn oath, developed the whole transaction to

him, and introduced him to his chamber and to Sadak; from whom the eunuch officer was further convinced of the necessity of secrecy and watchfulness. Nor did it take his fertile mind long to devise a subterfuge for the absence of the Pagan slave, in case he should be missed.

Sadak was pleased with the confidence these men of power treated him with, and which begat a mutual confidence in him, to make them fully acquainted with what he looked to for his reward for this great service, and entered at length into his history, and his knowledge of Zoa, the beautiful slave, and favourite of the caliph. All thereunto appertaining was considered to be an after proceeding, and promises of eternal friendship and services were entered into and exchanged by the parties, when once they had ridded themselves for ever of the treachery of Sebastian, and exposed him to public execration.

The little gallant knight of the ladies, seignior Tabel, had now a thousand whim-

sical fancies in his head at one time. The forthcoming circumstances would, undoubtedly, make him a great man for ever. He strutted, looked, and stretched himself erect, and, in his own idea, was already as great as Elmuton; and, in a little time, no wonder if he was to become *grand sultan of Constantinople.* But he most earnestly implored Sadak, with many a high-flown compliment, and flowery salutation, to remain securely where he was, and on no account whatever to attempt or risk an interview with Zoa, but leave her safety in his hands, and rest himself in her security.

Things were thus far settled, on this head, and for three days the vigilance of the officers twain were unremitting; their opposite situations and capacities gave them full exercise for their prying capabilities. The office of Tabel being entirely in the interior of the palace, and, at nearly all times and seasons, about the person of Elmuton, therefore he had full opportunity to scrutinously watch each move-

ment, and to be a careful observer of all that was passing; while the veteran Monrod's duty was among the soldiery and guard, consequently very little could be stirring, if he had a mind to watch narrowly.

Saldan, the soldier of Sebastian, he could seldom catch sight of, as he was constantly, and in close attendance in the chamber of his master. And there is no doubt the great man was as fearful and distrustful of the creature he had made, as Monrod was of the slave; and as the two officers occasionally caught sight of each other, when Sebastian reposed in the balcony of his chamber, which hung in the castle court, where the guards assembled, the thought of each must be most strange towards one another.

On the third day after Sebastian's accident, Elmuton reviewed his guards, in a square of the castle, when Sebastian appeared by his side; he had so far recovered, that a slight lameness only was per-

ceivable. He was cheered by the soldiery on his entrance, and cordially greeted by his companions; and the viceroy himself congratulated him on his recovery, and requested he would attend that evening at sherbet drinking, and partake the amusements of a little revel, with his brother officers and comrades in arms.

This, with much sycophant-like conduct, was accepted by the villain, as Monrod thought him; and he thought also he could discover the devil, lurking and laughing on the beam of his eye, as he turned to bow to his credulous master. Saldan too was standing at the end of his charger; and, as the caliph turned away, the sight of Sebastian caught that of his creature, and they exchanged a glance full of meaning, which was interpreted by Monrod thus—"This night shall our plot be put into execution."

Elmuton, as he passed Monrod, familiarly accosted him, and inquired why he had not had so much of his company as he was wont, ending the observation with a

request, that the officer would drink coffee and sherbet with him in the evening.

Monrod bowed, and thanked his master for his condescension; at the same time saying, loud enough for Sebastian to hear, who was in the rear of the caliph—"He was proud of the honour, and would attend his bidding."

The old soldier marked the eye of Sebastian, as he finished speaking, and could visibly discover that it conveyed a secret satisfaction to him; nay, he was so far off his guard, yet he could not mistrust Monrod had any item of his project, that he stooped in his saddle, and called Saldan to his side, whispered him, and then ordered him to adjust his stirrup, which was evidently done as an excuse.

This was full confirmation to the prying senses of Monrod, and he had a struggle to restrain his emotions. The parade broke up. Monrod did not leave his master, until he dismounted and entered the harem, at the portal of which Tabel was waiting to receive him.

The dwarf and the veteran exchanged looks; and the latter departed, leaving the caliph in the custody, as it were, of the eunuch.

Monrod quickly communicated what had transpired on the parade to Sadak, who was impatient for the eventful moment to arrive.

Tabel soon made his appearance, to give the information, that Elmuton that night proposed to hold a revel. All this, however, was previously known. The manner how they were to proceed in this important business was then conned over.

All being agreed on, they separated, to wait the hour that was to expose villainy, and hurl retribution on the head of Sebastian; who had become more imperious than ever of late, and devised all means in his power for the cruel oppression of the Christians and hard-fated Mamelukes. The slightest offence in the latter was instantly punished with death; and if a Christian, in any degree, violated the laws of the Mahometans, confiscation of pro-

perty and banishment were sure to follow.

It was evident, to any one who scanned the manners of Sebastian, or delved into his conduct, that some great and important scheme was working in his mind, and that what he was doing was but preparatory to the event. He had been the means of lavishing favours and promotions, both civil and military, to those he wished to make friends; and bound others, by obligations, to be in his interest. Elmuton had himself highly commended him to the notice of the grand sultan; and the priests looked upon, and styled him, the "true servant and workman of Mahomet." Thus, if he should succeed in the murderous and diabolical plan he had in meditation, there is little doubt he would have caused himself to be elected, Sebastian, great caliph of Grand Cairo.

It is rather a singular coincidence, that the very night this horrid plot is intended to be worked, and peradventure the self-same hour, is the same when Kilrest

and Orinda are entering Cairo, or busy exploring the ruinous and late abode of Selinus for the hidden jewels. How the latter has succeeded, we already know; but how the seignior Sebastian will get on, we have yet to learn, and it shall be the subject of the next chapter.

CHAPTER II.

> But I do hate him, as I hate the devil,
> Or that brass-visag'd monster, Barbarism!
> Oh, 'tis an open-throated, black-mouthed cur,
> That bites at all, but eats not those that feed him—
> A slave, that to your face will (serpent like)
> Creep on the ground, as he would eat the dust;
> And to your back will turn the tail, and sting
> More deadly than a scorpion! BEN JONSON.

AT length the moment arrived, "big with fate;" fate—for whom? for what?—for every one!—for every thing! for it appears, without much philosophy, that Mr. Time, old as he is, takes especial good

care, that each moment which he manufactures, shall have its commission, and no particle lost.

The sun had withdrawn his power, and the refreshing cool of evening was hailed with gratitude, by relaxed nature, in these torrid climes. The public evening prayers were over—the castle, in part, partially illuminated—and Elmuton seated, in petit splendour, in the midst of his chief military characters. Many evolutions, exhibiting the prowess of arms, were gone through, by new recruits, much to the astonishment of the viceroy, and whom he had scarcely seen before. These were brought to notice and preferment by the activity and foresight of Sebastian, whose doings were highly praised by his master, and who felt, as he expressed himself, somewhat uneasy, that his favourite officer had not yet made his appearance.

He at length, however, entered, attended by Saldan; when he was instantly accosted by his credulous master, in the fol-

lowing strain—"My friend Sebastian is but tardy in waiting on our pleasure to-night; but, as thou art now come, accept my most cordial welcome. And now, in mirth, for a time let us forget our cares, and build our joys on expectation of future bliss; for, to recount our troubles is but, in a manner, to double them; and remembrance too often proves a sorry guest."

Sebastian, at this flattering reception, appeared to feel as an honest man would have felt; and, in this instance, well displayed the art of deception and hypocrisy, in which he was now become so perfect an adept. After bowing thrice to the ground, he answered—"That many years of undisturbed bliss may make amends for the late heavy storms of care and anxiety that have so much disturbed the hours of the great Elmuton, the beloved father of Cairo, is the honest wish of his poor and unworthy slave, Sebastian! and that the bright sun of peace and comfort may shine long and happily on his reign, is all my hope, and all I have to wish for."

The speech of the sycophant was delivered with so much appearance of sincerity, that the deluded caliph arose from his seat, and taking the hand of his officer, placed him near his person, saying, at the same time—"My good and valiant friend, but that thy courage and hardihood is so well proved to the world, else would I say, thou hadst not got the soldier's, but the silvery tongue of the courtier. Yet thy sensibility is such, that thou art a brave soldier, and pliant courtier both."

As this compliment was closing, and Elmuton resuming his seat, the veteran Monrod entered the assembly, attended by Sadak, whose every particular bespoke what he was. The degrading collar of the slave continued around his fine formed neck, and his well-turned limbs were covered with the coarse garment worn by those in his situation. He made a slight obeisance, at entering, as his penetrating eye, in one glance, as it were, took a minute survey of all around him; his manner betrayed no embarrassment, and he

stood, with a front, calm, yet bold, without assurance; his whole contour was conspicuous, among the gaudy uniform of the officers, who composed this gay assortment of youth and age, infamy and honesty, that hovered around the man of power, and instantly drew all eyes upon him; and a degree of wonder seemed to spread among them, as our slave followed the old soldier to a proper situation.

Tabel had taken his station close to the elbow of his master, instead of being at the entrance, as was usual, to prevent the intrusion of improper visitants.

Some turned their eyes on him, for a moment, as if to inquire the cause why such a person was admitted, and the presence disgraced by one of the stranger's cast? However, the little *humguffan* took no notice, as he at other times would have done, and have shewn a thousand consequential airs and graces, to expel the degrading interloper.

Elmuton also observed the slave, who kept a kind of confidential station near to

the officer Monrod, and whom the viceroy thus accosted, in a jocose manner—"How now, good Monrod; what thing is that thou hast brought here? Thou art in merry mood, sure, to-night. I am glad to see thy happy star have influence. Hast thou a mind to treat us with masquerade, so brought thy friend in the character of slave?"

At this Monrod bowed, and scarcely knew how to give an answer suitable; he was a bad dissembler, but replied in the following manner.—"I think, great sire, we have been too long in masquerade, and it were now the hour to throw off the mask. Suppose we turn about, and go to prayers?"

The habitual and sullen, or, rather, reserved manner of the old soldier, was often made a matter of ridicule and derision among the junior officers, and now, at a time when mirth seemed to be the *general order*, and revelry the *password*, the veteran expressing a wish to go to prayers begat a broad smile on every countenance.

Nor were the risible features of Elmuton wholly exempt from being disturbed, who answered—"To prayers, saidst thou, good Monrod? no, no, I am not now in trim for prayers—nor thou; therefore let us fit the present opportunity to proper purposes; we would now beguile our heavier thoughts with mirth, and chase care with joy. Come, come, my honest soldier, shew us thy merry whim, for, by appearances, thou hast procured us entertainment. What is it thou hast brought with thee—a juggler, a tumbler, or a soothsayer?"

The old man of arms replied—"I cannot yet say what he may prove to be, but thus far I think he is—a juggler first, because he will cheat—a tumbler, because peradventure he may cause a fall—a soothsayer, I am sure he is, for he hath foretold strange things, that have already come to pass, and prognosticates others that would be terrible in the event."

Elmuton answered—"Then, my good and faithful soldier, we shall have to thank

thee for this night's entertainment. Come thou near me, and pledge with me in the cup of good fellowship, the while this rarity shall exhibit his wonderful art."

At the mention of the word cup, seignior Tabel had a hard and difficult matter to contain himself. Sadak passed his hand over his forehead, sighed, and drew himself erect. Monrod passed upwards, as if fulfilling his master's bidding, but far different emotions prompted his bosom to be near Elmuton.

When the caliph called for his cup, as we have described, it served as a cue for all concerned in or with the conspiracy to commence the work, both offensive and defensive.

Saldan had taken his station at the back of Sebastian, who sat next on the right of the viceroy. The quick eye of Tabel was in close observation, yet he acted in a manner so as not to create the least suspicion. Monrod, the better to further his observances, moved but slowly towards his seat,

to catch every action of the creature Saldan, and his infernal employer.

Slaves were in attendance, to watch the first wish of their high master; and no sooner had the call for drink passed the lips of the caliph, than was seen at his elbow an attendant, bearing the cup.

Sebastian saw the vessel, and made an excuse to detain Elmuton in conversation; thus would Saldan have an opportunity to mix the fatal draught. This was done with much adroitness, as the latter assisted to pass the cup. Yet the doing, artful and well as it was performed, did not escape the eye of Monrod nor of Tabel.

Sebastian drew back in his seat. Saldan, on his knee, presented the charged goblet; Elmuton took it, and held it high before him; and was about to pledge the company, when Monrod stretched forth his hand, taking the fatal cup, and exclaimed—"Hold, Elmuton! what is this you would drink? I smell a stench arising from this cup, that savours of mortality most strong."

Elmuton betrayed his chagrin at this strange behaviour of his officer, yet knew not how to act.

Sebastian's lip quivered—his arms dropped by his side; he seemed insensible for a moment to every thing and person save Monrod, on whom his eyes were fixed in horrid ghastliness.

The viceroy, in a manner half offended, replied—" Monrod, this is not right, thus to cheat our mirth; thy strange customary morose manner is not now well timed."

The soldier, in a mixture of emotion, quickly answered—" Dread caliph, I crave thy pardon; let me but for a short time claim your indulgence with this same cup —I have a trick I would practise with it."

Elmuton replied not, but gave a reluctant kind of assent with his head.

Monrod, after exchanging looks with the dwarf captain, which seemed to be perfectly understood between them, for the mighty Tabel instantly left his station, at the back of his master, and soon after ap-

peared, with a strong guard, in the entrance of the saloon.

The old veteran then cried aloud—"Guard well the door; let no one pass, for your lives—for on the verdict that this cup shall give, a life doth hang."

Elmuton became alarmed, and started on his legs—a general consternation pervaded the entire assembly, when the viceroy, accosting Monrod, said—"Old soldier, I charge thee, on thy duty, say what does all this mean?"

Sebastian now aroused himself sufficiently to say, in a faltering voice—"Old man, your conduct is most strange."

Monrod paid no attention whatever to the last speaker, but thus replied to his master—"Sire, your mercy; this conduct is but a whim of mine, and, by my past services, let me indulge in it awhile; perhaps, in the sequel, great sire, I may be thanked."

The honest soldier then looked around him, and hailed his brother-officer, Nulac, saying—"Nulac, and some friends of mine

and the most high caliph Elmuton, take this cup, and give the drink to the first dog you meet; when he hath swallowed it, mark the creature's every action, and peculiar manner which it may shew, and give a just report to the great Elmuton, and those assembled here; be but honest in this proceeding, as ye shall hope for mercy."

He then turned to his master, who was leaning on Sebastian, and continued—"Dread sire, so please you to command that I have my humour in this—it may, peradventure, be the last request of your faithful soldier."

Elmuton peevishly answered, as he again took his seat—"Old man, I cannot guess thy aim, but have thy whim."

Little captain Tabel then stepped forward as Nulac took the cup, and marshalled him, and several officers whom curiosity prompted to accompany the bearer of what seemed so much a riddle, out of the presence, and descended the staircase; the entrance was still strongly guarded by a

body of men, previously prepared for the occasion by Monrod and Tabel.

Sebastian saw all this, and became conscious that the old veteran, somehow or other, must have gained a knowledge of the plot; yet, if by his conduct, he resented it on the instant, it might confirm, in the general opinion, how guilty he was in the undertaking; therefore he struggled with himself, and raised his propriety to a pitch sufficient to make a sort of rebuke on Monrod, before the face of his master, and spoke as follows—“ Seignior Monrod, this nonsense of thine, or whim, humour, or call it by what name thou wilt, does but mock the caliph's authority, and ill becomes the presence thou art in. Thy years and duty should tell thee, when men make sport where reverence only should be paid, it sinks dignity and command to littleness indeed.”

Monrod turned quickly upon the speaker, and tartly replied—“ If any one here think I lack in duty, respect, or reverence, I say he does but lie in thought; and if

any one is bold enough to *say* so, then I tell him plainly he utters a damned and sacrilegious lie. I tell thee, Sebastian, I have honestly earned my good name, and I will not live *suspected*."

The grey warrior delivered this last with so much warmth and sarcasm, that it was impossible to be mistaken by the most casual observer. Sebastian severely felt it; his hot and impetuous soul shewed itself in many ways, and in frightful tribulation he exclaimed—"Suspected, saidst thou! who shall dare question or doubt my love or duty?" He then endeavoured to curb his rising spirit, and continued, with the bitterest irony—"But thus it ever is, with those who dare danger for their country's good, and, in the fearful battle's front, brave the hazard of the fight, and expose life to quell faction, and keep a quiet home! such are always envied by the *skulking cur*, that stops within to *bark* when doors are *bolted*."

Monrod, with the self-same sort of humour, answered—"Yet these same sort of

curs which thou dost *snarl* at, have their service too; for when the master thinks he is sleeping in security, some dark and damned watchful thief may force the bolts of the credulous man's house, and, in the unguarded moment, rob him of his treasures or his life; then perchance this same *skulking cur* will surprise, and hold the thief by the heel, until justice comes to stop his vile career."

This innuendo so forcibly hit Sebastian, he could no longer brook his temper—it was spurred to the utmost bent; in a moment he drew his cimeter, and savagely thrust it through the lower part of Monrod's neck, at the same time vociferating like a demon—"Thou art this very *sneaking skulking cur*, and thus I cut thy throat for *barking*."

Monrod fell; Sadak saw the sudden act, and with fury like a tigress, when her young is assailed, seized Sebastian by the throat, and wresting his sword from him, at the same time said—"Thou accursed Turk! thou art the *thieving dog*, thou

villain!" and turning to Elmuton, continued—"Great caliph, this wretch is a traitor—shall he be made secure, or shall I stop his breath, by griping thus, and rid the world at once of a monster?"

This scene was so suddenly performed, and caused such a consternation in the court, that none offered to lend assistance to any one, or in any way to interfere. The Pagan's manner and appearance was such, the terrified Mussulmen durst as well assail him, as offer to tear the expiring lamb from the clutches of the gaunt hyena, or wrest a victim from the jaws of a hungry crocodile; Elmuton trembled in his seat, and his officers stood aghast.

At this momentous period the loud voice of Tabel was heard, demanding admittance; when Nulac rushed in, followed by several other officers, who had gone to witness the effect of the potion on the dog, when he exclaimed, in a frenzy—"The dog is dead! oh, holy Prophet! the creature had scarcely swallowed the

drink, ere he foamed, raved, and died in excruciating tortures."

The countenance of Sadak became in a moment the more enraged; he shook his victim, Sebastian, as a vulture would shake a struggling viper, and threw him, with a terrible crash, on the floor, placing one foot firm on his breast, as though he would annihilate him with his tread, and addressing himself to the caliph, pointing, at the same time, to the trembling Saldan, said—"Elmuton, yon base slave is the vile accomplice of this prostrate reptile in the damned plot against thy life."

Tabel next asserted he saw Saldan mix the contents of a phial in the drink that was offered to Elmuton, and which had since been the death of the dog.

Elmuton had much difficulty to arouse energy sufficient to give the following command—"Guards, seize and bind the villain secure! hurry him to the rack, that tortures may draw from him a further confirmation of this hellish plot against my life and the state."

Tabel and Nulac commanded the guard. The wretch Saldan, more dead than alive, was instantly hurried out of the saloon. Sebastian was then taken from the fearful custody of the Pagan, and properly secured: he spoke not, but dreadfully gnashed his teeth, and with a scowling brow, darted looks around, as he would sweep to the deepest pit of perdition those within their reach.

Monrod gave a convulsive groan: this drew the attention of Sadak and others to his assistance: he was raised, and as his eyes met those of his master, he stretched forth his hand to him, and said—"Elmuton, give me thy hand—my services are an end. I have ever loved thee, pitied thee, and faithfully served thee; but, oh, Elmuton, Sebastian was ever thy direst enemy, and he is a villain! the murder of thy son Hamman is a strange mystery, which my dying thought tells me he alone could unravel; and when thou hast proved his guilt complete in this present accursed

deed, as soon thou shalt, suspend his fate, and save his life for a time—his repentance may give thee some satisfaction: oh, oh, suspend his fate awhile!"

Here the honest veteran became so faint from the loss of blood, it was thought expedient to remove him and seek further assistance; and as the guards were bearing him off, in a voice scarcely audible he said to the viceroy, and looking towards Sadak —"Elmuton, that slave hath saved thy life."

He could no more, but was borne away as one already dead.

As the wounded Monrod was carried past Sebastian, the murderous fiend cast a look of Satanic triumph on him, which spoke the infernal gratification his bloody work afforded him.

The bleeding Monrod was hardly past the portal, ere Nulac, Tabel, and others, entered in haste, when the dwarf, puffing, blowing, and sputtering, exclaimed—"Oh, praised be the prophet Mahomet, and his servant the caliph Elmuton! the wretch

Saldan we scarce had bound upon the wheel, ere he uttered such horrid truths, and made such appalling disclosures, that to repeat them my tongue would blister, and at hearing them thy ears would fester."

Sebastian started in a rage, and frightfully exclaimed—"Hell fester him for his sayings! he is a liar—believe him not. But go on—go on, ye dogs—Sebastian has a soul that scorns your mockery."

He then gave a demoniac laugh, and sunk into a sullen taciturnity.

Elmuton stood for a time overwhelmed in thought, and for several minutes the crowded room was silent as the tomb; and as the sight of the caliph rested on the floor, the curling stream of gore that had flowed from the wounded Monrod trickled towards his feet and caught his attention; in an agony of agitation, he cried, with a deep sigh—"Poor old honesty! I cannot now even give *thee* the tribute of a tear."

He then relapsed again into profound thought, which however did not last long, for raising his eyes from the blood-stained floor, and looking around him, his vision caught the figure of the slave, and seemed to arrest his wandering eye. Now indeed he looked an object of pity, and with a tremulous voice accosted the Pagan. —"Good fellow, what art thou? whence comest thou? and what is thy name?"

The slave stood erect, and placing his hand in the bosom of his dress, with conscious firmness answered.—"I am thy *slave*, great caliph, and my name Sadak."

Elmuton replied with quickness.—"Be thou no longer my *slave*, but my good *friend* Sadak. I will learn to esteem thee for thy services, and be thou ever near my person; anon shalt thou make known all thy knowledge of this hellish conspiracy, and all good men shall adore thee."

The speaker then took the sword of Sebastian from the ground, and presenting it to the Pagan, continued—"For the future, wear thou this sword, and fill the of-

fice of him who hath so late disgraced it—thou shalt be my counsellor and defender, and henceforward free, for with honourable men shall Sadak now be ranked."

The Pagan, at this sudden elevation to power and dignity, betrayed somewhat of an embarrassment, and as he received the sword, looked first on Elmuton, and then on the fallen Sebastian, who was now held degraded to the lowest pitch, and was bound as the commonest malefactor; his look, nod, or word, that so lately could make or mar the weak or powerful, was now spurned by the vilest of mortals, and maltreated by the veriest slave.

After Sadak had well surveyed this fallen star of human glory, he fixed for a moment his eyes on the weapon, still empurpled with gore, and extending his arms to their full length, broke the cimeter in twain, and throwing the separated parts at the feet of its late owner, said to him—" See, Turk! such is the fashion of the ignorant Pagan; thus we serve that which is disgraced by the death of a fellow-

creature. Oh, thou execrable monster! see how easy it is to break thy sword, although thou hast tempered it so strong in blood! If I was to wear that polluted thing by my side, each passer would point at me, and say 'he wears a murderer's sword."

Sebastian fixed an eye full of ire upon the brave Pagan, and gave such a laugh as a fiend of hell would give when he had decoyed the soul of man into a snare.

The viceroy then beckoned captain Tabel, and delivered Sadak into his charge, and commanded that he might have his shackles of slavery struck off, and be equipped, in every particular, as became the friend and officer of the great caliph of Grand Cairo.

At this order, little *hop-o'-my-thumb* seemed to forget in a moment all his care or thought of the appalling circumstances that had so recently transpired, and to concentrate his whole mind, body, and estate, in the new acquisition to power and consequence. He bowed flippantly to his

great master, and then turning to the new made great man, almost prostrated himself repeatedly before him, proving he was wholly *his*, down to the very *toe* of his *slipper*, and saying he was his most devoted humble slave, and craved the seignior Sadak would deign to consider him his most devoted vassal, and vouchsafe and condescend to accompany him to the caliph's wardrobe, and there select such habiliments as could be found for his present use and the emergency required.

Sadak bowed with respect to Elmuton, after the custom of the Pagans, but spake not; yet a lingering wish seemed to hang upon his tongue and detain his departure.

Tabel perceived it, and well knew what the anxious wish was. He well knew, too, if the Pagan should at this time make the least mention of his love and knowledge of Zoa, most probably it would irritate the rankled mind of his master, and create a storm not easily to be allayed; for of late the desires of Elmuton had grown into sincere love for the beautiful

slave Zoa; and since her interview with the partner of her soul, she had behaved with less reserve to the caliph, yet, by her dignified and positive deportment, had checked his rebel propensities, and ever found some becoming subterfuge to hold his advances aloof. Thus she had gained an ascendancy and influence over him, which, in the end, she doubted not would lead to an opportunity, when with Sadak she might seek her native home, and unmolested live and love; for the little *go-between* dwarf had made her in a certain degree acquainted with the cause why her lover had not resumed the stolen and expected interview, and calmed her perturbation with the hope that Sadak would be in the end highly recompensed for what he was about to do. Yet the cunning eunuch kept the real cause so distant from her understanding, it was totally impossible any danger of a discovery could accrue from what information he gave, as to the situation her lover stood in.

Well knowing the ardent wish of Sa-

dak was to be again restored to his beloved Zoa, and looking to this as his reward for saving the life of the viceroy, Tabel became extremely agitated lest the Pagan should at this moment make his demand to have the promises of the two officers, Monrod and Tabel, fulfilled; he, the latter, therefore quickly commanded a body of eunuch guards, which soon encircled the new-made favourite; and thus, in a manner, was he forced to be marshalled out in a sort of state from the presence of the august caliph, and have fortune saddled on him.

Nulac and several officers now drew around their chief, and wished to press themselves, by their attentions, upon his notice, as the road to preferment now lay so open, and vacancies had arisen out of the late occurrences.

Sebastian stood for the present wholly disregarded, as to respect, even by the common guards that secured him; and those who only an hour before courted

his smiles and basked in the sunshine of his popularity and favour, now turned up their lip, and would have spit upon him—so much for the vicissitudes of the post of honour and the capriciousness of fickle madam Fortune.

Elmuton stood as in deep cogitation with himself—turned, and appeared as resolved what to do; yet ere he could speak, his determination seemed to waver, and again he sunk into thought. At length, after standing a time with his hands covering his face, he suddenly turned toward the miserable prisoner Sebastian, and with a countenance beaming with savage resolution, exclaimed—"Trusty and vigilant guards, as you would hold your own lives, so hold your accursed prisoner! remove him hence, to the brazen and lofty platform which overlooks the city, and where the barbican towers high in the element; there let him, shelterless and bareheaded, remain, where falling dews may moisten his polluted skin by night, and the parching sun

by day his flesh consume, until stinking and carious his carcase shall become. Yet let such small nourishment be given him, as scarce shall keep his life and soul akin; let his every word and action be closely watched, that in his agonies of body we may obtain what his clogged mind is charged withal; let him be loudly proclaimed through the city for an arch and abominable traitor, that each wretch may execrate his name, and each good Mussulman praise the prophet for our deliverance."

Sebastian heard this horrible sentence without betraying the least emotion of fear or repentance; no sigh escaped, no muscle trembled; a slight flush spread over his face, and as Elmuton prepared to quit the saloon, Sebastian, in a voice terrible and Satanic, exclaimed—"Ha! ha! ha! Lead on, good guards, lead on! I shall at last have a much higher station than e'er my aspiring thoughts could fix on—I at last shall die exalted, by the order of the great Elmuton, and expire

looking down with disdain on such crawling and worthless worms! Lead on, I say, for still I can command."

This hardened villain's last moments as it were thrilled the assembly with horror, and in silence the space became cleared.

When the faithful and suffering Monrod was carried to his chamber, and his wound examined by those proper, it was discovered to be of a dangerous tendency; yet with great care and attention so precious a life might be preserved, and the villainous ends of so base a wretch as Sebastian defeated—every thing was administered that art could suggest, and he was left for the night in skilful hands.

Sadak was conducted to a bath, after partaking of which, was ushered by Tabel, who was now uncommonly busy, to the magnificent wardrobe of the caliph Elmuton, and finely bedizened by the dwarf, who acted on the occasion as *valet de chambre*. Indeed, of so pliant a matter was his disposition composed, that no office whatsoever came amiss to him where

interest pointed; and certainly a slave suddenly raised to power and consequence, was never likely to prove so ungrateful as to forget the one who had paid him so much respect, and was the first to bedeck him in the insignia of state.—" No, no," thought the little brusher, " that sure enough can never happen; and I shall not only in the end profit by my pains, but must of course rise in power, when it shall become known to the great caliph Elmuton that I was a counterpart to bring to light the dreadful conspiracy, and the chief contriver of the wily manner in which the offenders were detected, at the very moment which was to complete their diabolical aim, and cause their miscarriage and overthrow. Ay, ay," thought the cunning dwarf to himself, as he rummaged over the piles of velvet, satin, gold, and silver, " it would be ridiculous to harbour such an idea; yes, yes, he should now soon arrive at the zenith of power and influence; then should many an impertinent rascalion about the palace be brought to their

proper senses, and perhaps to their discomfiture learn how they dared to treat with scorn and insult such as had not the good luck, when they stood upright, to carry their heads so near to heaven by a foot or two. Soon should some of the five or six feet overgrown, giant-looking, loggerheads be forced to bow their *numskulls* far below the waistband of his illustrious breeches, and esteem it an honour if he allowed them to pull his worshipful slippers up at heel, or hold the match the while he set fire to the contents of his honourable tobacco-pipe. Those who had formerly derided his neat and compact made form, should now be forced to lay prostrate, and form a block for him to tread on, that he might with less inconvenience vault into the saddle on the back of his proud *Bucephalus.* He would indeed soon let those know, and to their sorrow, what it was to treat with indignity those who so well knew, by their superior foresight and knowledge, how to delve into and bring such dark and damnable plots to light as

he had of late been instrumental in doing, and which had thrown the powerful from their mighty seat, and levelled the proud with the dust."

Thus thought the Brotheus of Grand Cairo, as he ransacked the royal wardrobe, to find a dress suitable to ornament the fine form of him who was so late the abject slave, and looked on as a being only fit to perform the most degrading drudgery. Times, however, were changed; the common epithets of "infidel beast," and "Pagan dog," were now transformed into the courteous phrases, "good seignior Sadak," and "most worthy and honourable captain," which titles were but lost on the newly-elevated man, and by him totally disregarded.

Without paying much attention to the ceremony, he suffered his limbs, which were so lately nearly naked and exposed to every inconvenience and privation, to be covered with a splendid suit of crimson velvet, richly ornamented with gold; while a costly shawl, of the finest cash-

mere, was folded into a turban to grace his open and manly brow.

Being so far complete, to the satisfaction of his chattering, flattering dresser, who strutted round and round his object of adulation, and interlarded each high-flown compliment with ridiculous sayings disgraceful to the ear of common sense, as he buckled his sparkling-mounted sword to his side, he exclaimed, in a transport—"There, seignior Sadak! now thou lookest the most noble figure, and hast the bravest deportment of any one in the grand caliph's court; indeed all others, even El-muton himself, looks but a pigmy to thee, or shine as the dimmest star by the side of the most brilliant meteor."

Sadak however did not, as was expected he would have done, return in a suitable manner his thanks for the attentions and praise of Tabel, but turned away from the dwarf lord of folly and finery, with evident marks of contempt and disgust. At which the manufacturer of fashion and fine speeches found himself a

little nettled, and his consequence in a great measure cut. But to directly notice any behaviour of the new great man, be it what it might, was not policy in him; he therefore contented himself by thinking, and inwardly saying—" Ay, ay, thus it ever is with such as have not been brought up at court, and in civil society; praise be to Mahomet, I am not such a one!"

In the midst of all these gewgaws of finery, and enveloped as the Pagan was in such a mist of fine talk, his mind remained fixed on his beloved Zoa; and freely would he have given up his honours and high favours that were lavished on him, to have been ten minutes in the company of her he loved. And when his troublesome companion spoke about conducting him back to the presence of his imperial master, the Pagan in a prompt manner reminded him of his and Monrod's promise to be restored to Zoa, and to perfect liberty.

This of all others was a theme the most objectionable to the renowned captain Ta-

bel. Yet how dared he refuse the request of his superior? The little queer thing of a man hemmed, coughed, and began to put his huge tobacco-pipe into exercise, and play a thousand vagaries of an evasive nature. All would not do—for when he looked on the countenance of Sadak, it was so far different to the pliable features of a courtier, and bore so positive a contour, he was at his wit's end to know how to trump up a subterfuge.

The Pagan perceived he was at a stand, and more promptly put the question a second time, as to when the caliph was to be made acquainted with his demand, on the promises of his officers, and the situation he stood in with the favourite female of the viceroy?

The dwarf sniffled amain, and created a thick column of smoke from his pipe, which he passed both from nostrils and mouth, so that he stood enveloped like an enchanter of the *Arabian Night Tales*, and like one of these beings, he would fain have made his exit, riding on the

cloud; but, as it was, there he remained on *terra firma,* or something very like it, being a marble floor on which they stood. Such being the case, he must make the best out he could, in his present predicament, and with a *hem,* that not only shook his body but the room they were in, he commenced—"Why, seignior and most noble Sadak, the great and essential service you have rendered to Elmuton and the state demands the most marked attention and brilliant recompence; and I greatly fear, all which I, your most devoted vassal, could at present say or do, would avail you little, touching the restoration of the beautiful, accomplished, and matchless angel, the incomparable Zoa. The fatal consequence of my coadjutor, the seignior Monrod, being mortally wounded, or perhaps dead, places it entirely out of my power immediately serving you in this particular. The distress of mind too under which the great and powerful caliph Elmuton labours, renders it totally impossible the subject can be broached in his

presence for the moment; therefore let me, your humble slave, advise that the affair be left at rest until a more fit opportunity, and you should further have gained the love and confidence of the illustrious viceroy. And, seignior Sadak, in the mean time will I so order it, although it will be at the hazard of my life, that you may sometimes meet the idol of your love and affections, and be personally assured of her safety and happiness; and moreover, to prove mine honour and integrity in your sublime welfare, will I this night, when the castle shall become quiet and reposed, conduct you to her."

Sadak found perforce he must submit to this arrangement, or at once mar his every future prospect of happiness. He then suffered himself to be conducted to his imperial master, whom he found surrounded by a few confidential, or rather interested officers.

The interview was affecting in a certain degree; and the sorrowful Elmuton in

sincerity embraced the saviour of his life, as he was pleased to style Sadak.

The Pagan was then commanded to give a narrative of the whole proceeding, how he made so important a discovery of the hellish conspiracy, which was delivered by Sadak in a plain and unadorned manner. Nor was the least surprise manifested, how he first became secreted under the harem wall, where he overheard the infernal plotting of the traitor Sebastian and his creature Saldan. He again received the thanks and acknowledgments of the caliph and his brother-officers, after which the conference broke up, and Tabel was charged to look well to the comforts of the noble Sadak.

CHAPTER III.

O'ercome with dread, I fell upon the ground,
And as my head o'erhung the precipice,
My eyes unwittingly beheld him fall;
The very birds scream'd as he cut the air,
And sought, on hasty wings, some place to hide.

Original.

SADAK was conducted to a splendid apartment at the opposite side of the castle, and to which he was a total stranger; this he was told he was to consider as his future chamber. He had no sooner entered than Tabel retired, with the eunuchs who had attended him, without any further observation than the most profound respect and submission.

All this ceremony served but to mock the anxiety of his bosom; the burning perfume delighted not his senses—the soft inviting velvet couch beckoned him in

vain to repose. He was left alone; the balcony of his chamber was sought; the air was refreshing, but it revived not his spirits. The night was dark—the prospect obscured—his mind was heavy—his prospect uncertain. The dwarf had promised to lead him that night to his beloved, but he had retired without further noticing the circumstance: he was a Turk, and from the general specimen he had had of that race, he met with but one sorry instance of their gratitude or probity, and that from a man whose life he had saved; such might be found in the most barbarous savage.

The great gong from the mosque announced the fleeting hours; the beating heart of Sadak repeated each stroke, and seemed to cling to the vibration. He stood in anxious expectation of the volatile dwarf; time glided on—he came not. The midnight hour had struck; the Pagan sighed as his eyes were fixed on the stars in deep and painful reverie; he was gently struck on the arm by something

behind him; he suddenly turned, and laid his hand on his sword, when the well-known voice of Tabel struck his ear, softly saying—"Hush, seignior, hush! it is I, your faithful slave."

Had he not spoken, he might have passed for a dog, or a baboon, or any thing else but human, for he was completely enveloped in a dark grey cloak, having another of the selfsame sort and colour concealed beneath that he wore, and which made his bulk much thicker than he was high. The little man soon appeared in *propria persona*, and requested Sadak to cover his person with the cloak he had provided, and which colour being in unison with the night, they run but little hazard (by care-taking) of being discovered.—"Oh, great Mahomet!" he exclaimed, "if such was to be our misfortune, you, seignior Sadak, would be merely strangled at once with the bowstring, while I might hang dangling in the air for a week or two after I was dead, food for birds and all sorts of vermin, and my poor carcase the sport for

slaves. By the prophet's beard, my blood curdles into a jelly at the thought! and what men can see or find in women, to make them run such risks to obtain them, or even to gain a sight—or the unmeaning gratification of a kiss—or the idle custom of an embrace, is to me wonderful: all the pleasure I can find in them is, to hear their silvery prattle, or to admire them as I would a beautiful bird. Now, seignior," he continued, "let us descend. I will lead you among the thick foliage in the garden, and conduct you where to find Zoa, whom I have prepared for the interview and made acquainted with your good fortune. But if I get clear of this one venture, in mercy never ask me more to participate in the hazard. This key which you see I have will open a small door at the bottom of this staircase, and if you choose to force it from me and keep it in your own custody, certainly I have not the power to stand against your force; and out of respect to you, as my

superior, should never think of making the outrage known to any one, but leave the crime to be settled with your own conscience; so now pray observe the path well, for never more must I join in the hazard of your night adventures."

The raptures of Sadak were so great he made no reply, but fervently pressed the hand of the willing pimp. After they had made the door secure by which they passed into the garden of the harem, seignior Tabel dropped, as by accident, the key, and solicited Sadak to recover it, as stooping was at that moment a matter of considerable inconvenience. This was perfectly understood by Sadak, who made the precious instrument secure in his own care, without offering it to Tabel.

The spot where the beautiful Zoa was concealed was soon found, and presently the lovers were in each other's arms. So far safe, the dwarf took his leave, after giving them a strict admonition to beware how they continued too long in each other's company; he then departed another way

to his own chamber, and left the happy pair, who remained, blessed with fond endearment, until the latest moment that prudence dictated, when they returned to their separate apartments, blessing the auspicious sun, who now began to illumine the skies and warn them of their danger.

No sooner had Hyperion become visible in the heavens than the city of Grand Cairo was put into a sudden commotion, by the loud blast of seven silver clarions, that seemed to rend the surrounding space and expire only in expanse. These sounds proceeded from the grand entrance of the great and holy mosque, and were accompanied by the extra loud clanging of the stupendous gong, which summoned the religious Mussulmen to their customary orisons, as the boisterous throats of the trumpets served as a beacon to the curious; for only on very particular and momentous occasions was the latter ceremony used. The spacious and beautiful temple of Mahometan worship was soon filled to excess, and the

numerous broad marble steps leading thereto, with every space belonging, became closely packed with an immense living mass, of all ranks of people, in eager expectation of what was to be announced.

The chief mufti soon appeared in his proper place in the interior of the sanctuary, and loudly, in the name of the most high caliph Elmuton and all good Mussulmen, denounced Sebastian as a horrible and execrable traitor; excommunicating him from all benefit of the holy Koran, and the total detestation of the believers in Mahomet, and denounced him as a wretch unfit for the interference of the blessed prophet.

This being done, first in the sanctum sanctorum, was repeated by the principal herald from the grand entrance, then at different parts of the city; thankgivings and prayers were offered for the deliverance and safe keeping of the great caliph Elmuton.

Contrary emotions now pervaded the

city—artisans and civil society rejoiced in the overthrow of him who caused so much war and exaction; while a visible gloom overspread the soldiery for the loss of their idol, and the commander who had led them to victory and feasted them on the spoils of those they conquered. When it was known what his sentence was, groups formed in the streets and open parts of the city to recount the vice and infamy of the culprit, and each worthless being now heaped insults on his name, that when he was in power durst hardly look towards the same quarter of the earth that he did.

All eyes were lifted up in the direction of the *brazen platform*, where the murderous fiend was condemned to suffer so dreadful and lingering a death; few were the sighs on which the name of Sebastian floated, and scarcely the tribute of an honest tear was paid for him, who had lived feared by all, and love was never in sincerity linked with his name, save by his credulous master; his preferment was en-

vied by his inferiors, and his ambition dreaded by his superiors.

The day grew fierce and uncommonly hot—unbearable almost in the streets—what then must it be to him, exposed on this fearful height! We have already said the castle of Grand Cairo is fixed on an eminence which overlooks the city, and is conspicuous from every part; the tower where the condemned was doomed to the "torture of the elements," or "brazen platform," as it was commonly called (the floor and the railing with which it was surrounded being made of brass), was situated at the eastern angle of the castle, and about one hundred feet above the other parts of the building; a small covered watchtower, or barbican, was attached to the platform, and which commanded a view of the country and river Nile for a vast extent, and from which was descried the approach of commerce or hostility, and prepared the city of Cairo for either the one or the other.

On such a frightful elevation was the

once great, proud, and imperious Sebastian, doomed to endure the privations of want, and suffer, shelterless and bareheaded, the scorching beams of nearly a tropical sun—and by night the falling dew and rising mist, although refreshing to a vigorous body, damped and chilled his parched skin, which drove his senses almost to madness. The scanty nourishment with which nature was tantalized, for it deserves not the name of support, was given him in such small quantities, that his spare draught of water only mocked his thirst, and the hard crust his dried swallow refused to receive. Now and then, as the gaping crowds caught a glimpse of his person, as he paced in agony the burning floor, his ears were assailed by the almost imperceptible shouts of execration, bursting from the crowds below, yet to the sufferer were they too plainly heard, and what his hearing could not distinctly catch, his conscious and guilty heart too well understood.

The day passed heavily and cheerless in

the palace. Elmuton was really unwell, in consequence of the perturbation of his mind; he looked distrustful on every one that approached him, save Sadak and the mighty Tabel, and them he would not allow to leave his sight for a moment; he spent several hours in the chamber of his friend Monrod, and in sincerity bewailed his unhappy catastrophe. The veteran bore his sufferings with fortitude, but little hope of his recovery could now be entertained, so alarming had the state of his wound become.

No public business whatever was transacted by the viceroy this day, nor did he depute any one to act for him; thus the court that was usually holden in the evening, to examine such offenders as had been apprehended in the course of the day and night previous, was not opened, consequently our old friend Kilrest, and the pitiable Orinda, remained in dreadful agitation in the common cage, and uncertain as to when they might be liberated, or condemned to further sufferings. The

tidings of the overthrow of Sebastian's conspiracy, and concomitant consequences, was communicated to the prisoners, and hailed by most as favourable in the result for the peace of Cairo.

Orinda received it with a religious pleasure, as a just retribution—Kilrest made his keepers tremble by his mystical conduct, and reminded those that first apprehended him and his gifted boy, with the calamities he foretold would befall Cairo, or perhaps Egypt, and he could not say but even the world would be overturned, if still *they* were detained, or in any way further molested. Fain would those who held them in "durance vile" have suffered them to depart, and avoid the threatened storm of the mighty necromancer, magician, astrologer, devil, or what else he might be; but then their heads would for certain answer for the offence, as the circumstance had become generally spread about the city, of the wonderful and strange magician, with the mysterious box, and

gifted Christian boy, being detained in the common cage; and their examination at the caliph's court was looked forward to as likely to produce something of an extraordinary nature, either in word or deed. Thus placed, they were doomed to support the most excruciating tortures of mind, and which, in the distressed female, can be better conceived than described.

The day was fast drawing to a close, when the news was brought to Elmuton, that the miserable creature and accomplice of Sebastian, the deluded Saldan, had expired; but before he had departed from this life, he had, in the presence of the priests and several officers, fully developed the whole secret of the accursed plot; and discovered himself to be the accused sentinel, who did duty at the tent of Sebastian on the night of the murder of prince Hamman; and after making a sacred oath on the holy Koran, declared himself wholly innocent of the death of the prince, but being accused by Sebastian, he had fled in despair from the camp,

and in so doing stamped the confirmation of his guilt on most men's minds; he further declared, that no person whatever had entered the tent on the fatal night, after the young prince and Sebastian had retired to their couches, and sealed his belief with his dying breath that Sebastian alone was the assassin.

This account further discomposed the late credulous caliph, and he retired dreadfully agitated to his chamber; extra guards were placed at the posts—a sullen distrust pervaded the castle—and at a much earlier hour than usual the gates were closed, and the palace and citadel became hushed, save the hollow and monotonous sounds of the watch, as he chased silence from the dreary night.

Towards the evening of the following day many strangers were observed in the city and suburbs; the conduct of the Mamelukes was perplexing to those adverse to them, and their manner mysterious. Many of the caliph's friends apprehended the breaking out of another rebellion, and

that cabal was brooding mischief, and which was ready to burst, to the disquiet of the peaceable inhabitants. Boats were continually dropping down the river from Thebes; each Mameluke in Cairo seemed to have a visiting friend, or, for their presence, business was pretended, which was evidently only a subterfuge for their present safety: the Christians were collecting together, and formed themselves into a sort of camp, some distance from the city, as anticipating and wishing to avoid its internal commotions.

The officers about Elmuton ventured to make him in part acquainted with these appearances; but in such a predicament was the viceroy enthralled, he knew not who to select as his confidential general, and in whose hands he could place so important a trust. In one hour some particular officer would be placed in this high station, and in the next be superseded. Sadak was as yet a Pagan, and stranger to the customs of the Mahometans; besides, as Elmuton believed himself to be

beset on every side by treachery, he would not suffer him to leave him; else he was brave, and would no doubt be diligent in so great a charge, but on no account, for the present, could the caliph part with him.

Now were the honest services of the once-rejected Monrod distressingly wished for and sighed after. Nulac was the only officer likely, and at the suggestion of the wounded and suffering veteran, who was still alive to the benefit of his master, were the keys of the castle and the charge of the city placed in his hands. This arrangement seemed to give a general satisfaction to the old soldiery, but the late new recruits, and those who had been tutored in the school of Sebastian, liked it not, and with difficulty restrained their opinions from giving open offence. Their idol too still lived—a score of resolute men might rescue him from an infamous death; and if he was once more among the soldiery, soon would Elmuton be forced to pardon and reinstate him in his high sta-

tion, to their glory and advancement; whispering and jealousy were perceivable to reign with them, and the old veterans began to fear the consequences likely to accrue from such a misunderstanding.

A circumstance however soon occurred which prevented whatever designs the followers of the late great man might have wished to put in execution: the intense heat of the day began to pass off, and Elmuton was persuaded to arouse himself, and have his troops mustered in the great square of the castle, and review them there. This was done; but a heavy gloom was visible, and overspread the common soldiery, as well as a few officers whose fortunes made them desperate: the brazen platform was full in view, where their fallen star, of late so bright in magnitude, was sinking into obscurity; and in despite of the solemn presence of the great caliph Elmuton, many an eye wandered to the lofty pinnacle and lingered there; nor could the vision of the viceroy be kept entirely on a level: the parade was hur-

ried over; many new appointments took place; but it was evident those who had been the most intimate with the late general, and were of his promotion, retained only their former situations, nor could the eye of jealousy be entirely closed on them; much discontent was manifested, yet in such a manner that for the present it was thought prudent to overlook, or not notice it in any open way.

Elmuton left the military space accompanied by a few veteran officers and Sadak, who was stationed close to his side, and received from his master much marked attention, and which fanned in others the lurking flame of jealousy. In this manner the caliph proceeded to the hall where the evening court was usually holden, and soon a trumpet announced the ruler of the city was sitting, and demanded those in office to produce the prisoners in their charge, to receive sentence due to their several offences.

This summons brought Orinda and Kilrest from the common cage of Grand

Cairo to the confines of its stupendous castle.—And now, reader, the while this mighty caliph is settling some minor affairs, which neither you nor I have any business with, and which concerns not this narrative—or is sentencing a score or two of night brawlers to be nicely tickled with the bastinado—or to have the thumbs of naughty boys squeezed in the hand-screw—or entertains himself with witnessing the pleasing sight of a dozen or two of his subjects' ears being cut off, for not listening to his advice—or politely taking the noses out of a few of his people's faces, because they have been so rude as to turn them up in defiance of his commands—or crush the toes of others, because they have kicked at what was his orders—and condemn some to be galley slaves, because they would not work at home—the while he is doing these things, I say, which concern not us, and before the examination of Orinda and our old friend Kilrest comes on, we will now, in the cool of the evening, just take a peep at seignior Sebastian,

and more minutely examine this same brazen platform.

The two sentinels had just been relieved from the platform, as was the custom to do during the day every two hours, that being as long a space as was supposed a man could conveniently bear the intense heat on this fearful height, and which was rendered more fierce by the attractive metal with which the tower was partly composed—yet the wretched Sebastian, poor unfortunate mortal in infamy! had endured it two entire days, and mocked by the coolness of nearly two nights. The small tower, the station of the two guards, we have already said was situated at an angle of the platform, and covered at the top, which was merely a housing for an immense gong, that was suspended there, but open on all sides; this for the guards was certainly a shelter; but the space where Sebastian was confined had no screen whatever. The staircase leading from the flat to the tower or barbican, was secured by a door fastened inside: the guards were

strictly prohibited from giving shelter or nourishment to the culprit more than was commanded.

The rays of the sun were somewhat declining, and Sol sinking into the western bed, smiling on the faint earth, seeming to rejoice at his omnipotence and exult in his power. On the space allotted to the prisoner was placed two thin straw mattresses, giving a tantalizing courtship to rest, yet embodying extra heat from the impregnated floor, and when sought for relief, only aggravated the oppressed, and as soon quitted for their mockery; as a further tantalization to the lingering culprit, a vessel was placed in his sight, where a scanty supply of water and bread were served at distant intervals, yet in so sparing a quantity, that the moiety revelled on his necessity and only teased his cravings.

Although the poor wretch had borne his sufferings but about forty hours, so altered were his features, as to be scarcely recognisable. His grey penetrating eye, that so late

darted the fire of command around, was now swollen and inexpressive—his once erect and bold carriage was now bent and depressed with languor—the intense heat had festered his bare head and face—his lips were cracked and puffed up to an uncommon size—his parched tongue had become almost too large for his fevered mouth to contain, and in vain was it rolled to create saliva to moisten his choking swallow and renovate his decaying palate.

Yet the sufferer murmured not so that his guards could catch his expression, but with himself, his communion was dreadful; and as his wavering sight wandered over the city and vast expanse where his ambition so lately told him, holding a vain delusive mirror to his view, shewing how soon might all that wondrous boundary hail him its lord and ruler, and his presumptuous ears be fed with the sweet sounds—" Praise to the most high, the great caliph Sebastian, imperial viceroy of Grand Cairo!" alas! the flattering vision had vanished, and how different the scene!

The wretched Sebastian was now lingering, in want of a draught of water to quench the burning fever of his tortured body; often would he cover his bare head with his parched hands, and inwardly exclaim—"Oh! these hot and powerful rays will surely sever this distracted member, set my brain on fire, unbend my firm resolution, and make my babbling tongue a telltale of my sufferings, for the sport of mine enemies!—No, no, thou weak and wicked fool, Elmuton! thou proud caliph! I *will* cheat thy scheme; for although I here may lay, and slowly broil to death, thou shalt not be satisfied, nor wring *that* secret from my breast."

Then would he again pace the burning floor, and gaze on the moving world below—then cling to the high railings, which surrounded his lofty prison-place, and to himself murmer—"Oh, were these stubborn obstacles passable, I would take a leap, and thus, at one spring, cure my body of all disease."

Again would he seem to survey and

ponder over the frightful space between him and the earth, continuing—"Oh, what a fearful distance is this from the common abode of man and beast! oh, so great, mine ears can scarcely catch the din, which passing active crowds in the public streets beget; and the mortal objects which are moving below, seem like a world of ants, busy in labour. Often have I heard how curious and cunning could man become to rid himself of a burthensome life, and many strange means devise to destroy his mortal part; yet to me contrivance is of non avail; the caution of mine enemies robs me of practicable invention, and would put even the arch devil to his wit's end. And shall I be forced to hold my life, and become the laughing-stock of men, the derision of fools, and sport of slaves? support existence, until my faculties become so weak, that perchance I may murmur! perhaps shed tears in mine agonies! or let that secret, which men so want to know, escape in my despair! Oh, that thought maddens me, and

gives a greater heat to my body than the powerful rays of a meridian sun! I have read of men who have with passion killed themselves—oh that I could rage so, to bring my sudden death!"

Here he became so overwhelmed with suffering and emotion, that he rent his dress, and as he wrested the band from his waist, a phial dropped on the floor. He eagerly recovered it, and turning his back upon his keepers, viewed it in transports. —"What is here?" he inwardly said—"a phial!" and with a horrid pleasure, which lit up his countenance, continued—"Oh that I should so long let this escape my remembrance! This is the poison I intended should send old Monrod to sleep. For this preservation, ye murderous fiends, I thank ye from my soul! This potion shall soon send me to discover that great secret, which ever was, and ever will remain to this world's creatures a *mystery*; and all the cunning fools can say of it, is but conjecture, and serves their purposes for fraud."

He hastily broke the dried skin which secured the contents, and with savage ferocity exclaimed aloud, as he prepared to swallow the fatal draught—"Now, Elmuton! and thou despised world! I pledge ye deep in hate, and quaff the drink that shall waft me to heaven or to hell!"

He emptied the vessel in his swallow, and continued—"It is gone! now then, friends and foes, we settle!"

It may perhaps be necessary to jog our reader's recollection on one point, which is this:—When Sebastian gave the vessel which contained the draught to Saldan, to be administered by him to Elmuton, and was intended to steal his reason only, and the other he himself proposed to give to the veteran Monrod, which was at once to destroy, what fatal mistake he made in the two bottles will presently appear.

When the desperate man had drank the poison, he threw the empty vessel on the sounding floor, which aroused the attention of his guards. One apprized the other he had seen their prisoner swallow

a something, and had thrown a substance from him.

His comrade answered, he saw and heard the same.

They then agreed to descend, and ascertain the cause. This was on the instant done; and as the two approached Sebastian, they left the door insecure and open, which separated the tower from the flat.

The sentry, in the following words, addressed his late commander.—"Sebastian, what was that you drank? and what is this you have cast upon the floor?" at the same time recovering the discarded vessel.

Sebastian replied, in a sullen manner—"Ask no questions—I shall answer none; and soon will thy further care of me be useless. For the man that makes his mind upon his fate, can soon find a way to destroy himself, and cheat the world, although his guards guard him ever so wisely."

The sentinel applied the empty phial to his nostrils, and answered—"This vessel

stinks so, that if I sniff at it again, my organs will fester for it. Oh, holy prophet!" he continued, gazing on the phial, "see these strange hieroglyphics! yet I can read them well. My father was an artful gipsy, and deeply skilled in the use of roots and herbs; I have seen him mix such as this contained.—If you, Sebastian, have swallowed the contents which this thing held, you will soon be as mad as a dog in dog-days; in a short time you will lose your reason, and no mortal aid be of service of you."

The prisoner answered in a rage—"Liar! I have drank that which will send me to sleep before I have said my prayers, or you could pray for me."

The alarmed guard told him he but deceived himself, and would not yet die, but turn mad.

Sebastian gazed horribly on the speaker, and said—"Art thou sure of that, fellow? then have I made a fatal mistake indeed! now will mine enemies gain their accursed ends, and I miss my aim!"

Of so powerful and potent a tendency was the mixture, its effects soon became visible in the prisoner. The terrified guard requested his comrade to make the wretched Sebastian secure, the while he struck the gong, and alarmed the guard below.

It was in vain; for the first symptom the appalling draught created was a violent struggling in him that had taken it, and which demanded the united strength and efforts of the two sentinels to prevent his beating himself to pieces against the floor and railings. Presently he became more calm, and the affrighted guards' first care was, to watch his every word and action; they left him for that purpose, and retired to the further side of the platform.

We have already said the soldier was perfectly acquainted how the potion would cause him to act; and soon Sebastian's manner thus shewed itself: in a kind of cautious whisper he said—"Hush, hush! not yet, not yet! he is not fast enough asleep."

His action, as he spoke, was such as to draw this remark from his guard—" See, comrade, see! he appears as though he griped a dagger, and was searching in the dark for some one."

Sebastian now slowly approached one of the mats on the floor, and passed his hand cautiously over it, as wishing to ascertain whether or not any one was sleeping there.

The sentries were intent on his motion, and requested each other to be silent, as the culprit was about to react some deed he had performed in his former lifetime.

The hand of Sebastian suddenly rested on the mat, and with a sort of hellish satisfaction in his countenance, he again whispered as to himself—" Hush, hush! here he rests, and how tranquilly he sleeps! and in his sleep too muttering his prayers —so, so, he is then just ripe for heaven."

He paused a moment; then raising his arm, let it descend with such force, as though he had given a severe blow on

some one there sleeping; and at the same time, in rather a louder tone, which proved his gratification at what was done, exclaimed—“ Now, *proud prince* Hamman, a good and speedy journey to thee!”

He remained for a short space leaning over the pallet, as intently listening, when he drew himself erect; a cruel sort of smile overspread his features, and he continued to say—“ That was well done! he gave but one little sigh as he took eternity's leap.”

The wretch now retired from the couch, and remained for a time in silence and motionless, save the workings of his eyes and muscles.

The guards were fully convinced, by what they recently witnessed, that Sebastian was the real murderer of the unfortunate victim of that villain's jealousy, the good prince Hamman; and thus, as in a dream, had he reacted the bloody scene.

Anon the dread Sebastian started amain, and loudly vociferated—“ Who calls Sebastian? What was that thou saidst?

The great caliph Elmuton dead! Who dare harbour the thought that Sebastian murdered the prince Hamman? And the caliph dead too! these are strange things!—Soldiers, you cannot think I killed him—I have ever loved him, you know, as son should sire."

Again he paused for several moments; and then in fearful rage continued—"Cut those Christians' throats! strangle all the devilish Mamelukes you meet! Ha, ha, ha! I see the throne! the throne! the throne!"

He then rushed through the doorway, and in an instant appeared on the tower, as in the action of fighting and fierce combat. This was so suddenly done, the two guards stood petrified and fixed to the spot. They heard Sebastian exclaim, in terrible voice—"Hold there! the throne is mine by right! the soldiers' voice called me to it! And tell the imperious sultan, if he dare question *me*, to look well to his own affairs."

He now gave a Satanic sort of laugh,

and resumed his speech.—"Shout loud! louder still! give the rebels one more smart bout, and all is done! Hurra! hurra for Constantinople! hurra!"

At this crisis he precipitated himself headlong from the tower, and so momentary was the action, the affrighted guards could scarcely in time recover their station, and behold his body cut the air as it fell; and ere it had met the earth, the life had fled, or the dread crash totally extinguished the vital spark.

The spectacle was appalling to look upon; and such the dreadful end of a dreadful life.—And now, good reader, this is the end of a dreadful chapter.

CHAPTER IV.



And pray, sir, what right have you to confine her? Her birthright is liberty—a better patrimonial estate than any of your despotic countries could give her.

The Devil upon Two Sticks.

If your memory is as good as mine, reader, and which I have no reason on earth to doubt, you must know, when we last left Elmuton, the most high and sublime caliph of Grand Cairo, in Egypt, situated in that quarter of the globe called Asia, his most high honour, worship, and glory, was seated in petty court, to give sentence on such as he, in his wonderful judgment, thought fit, proper, and deserving of punishment, for their offences; or if they had no offence in them, their being brought before him was quite enough; and the poor devils felt themselves extremely obliged to him, and prostrated themselves

to the very ground in thankfulness, if he only let them depart, after leaving an *ear* or a *nose*, or a few fingers, or a toe or two, or a pound or so of skin and flesh from their backs. The prophet bless, or curse, or just what he pleases, say I, for such condescension and humanity! but what does it matter all this to the common world? He, Elmuton, was chief magistrate, and sat in judgment as well as magistrates elsewhere; and if these mighty personages were to do nothing besides giving advice, or settling differences between man and wife, or disputes among neighbours, their consequence would be but little, and the ignorant and rascally part of creation would never be taught to reverence and respect the name and power of "his worship." Besides, their situations would be merely a sinecure, and that of course none of this honourable fraternity would like, even in England, where great men are not above half so idle or overbearing as they are in Turkey, and certainly much more moral characters, for

they never have but one wife at a time, at least that they wish the world to know of.

The petty and wanton cruelties practised in this minor and mock court of *justice* of the Ottomans, filled the bosom of *unenlightened* Pagan Sadak with horror, as he witnessed and contemplated the frivolous crimes of the oppressed visited with such severity by their despotic masters.

Elmuton had been informed of the arrest of Orinda and Kilrest, who were designated the wonderful magician and the gifted Christian boy; but no sooner was the word *Christian* given, than the brow of the caliph manifested, that whatever might be the offence in them, his rancour would be plea sufficient for no very slight punishment.

Elmuton inquired where the offenders were discovered when taken, and what was found upon them?

The officer replied, they were found

lurking near the late residence of the Christian merchant Selinus.—"The elder," he continued, "was considered by the common guard as a prodigy of deep learning, and had about him most strange implements of his art. He had already bespoke much matter, and he read the face of the heavens as one would read a book, pointing out the starry mysteries, and all such signs as appertain to the fate of man."

The credulity of the caliph was visible in his manner, and after pondering for a time, inquired from whence they came?

All the information he could gain on this head was, the magician had said "he was a wise man, and came far from the east, and he dared all mortal power to do him harm." His threats had much alarmed the guards, lest the visitations he had prognosticated should befall them.

Nulac then delivered the mystical box to Elmuton, saying what dreadful injunction was laid upon it, and what ills would surely befall him who broke the charmed seal, making it known, at the same time,

that it was found upon the gifted boy, and none had yet been hardy enough to sever the wax, and explore the wonderful contents, nor brave the attendant danger.

The weakness of the caliph's mind was now more fully than ever developed, by the cautious manner in which he examined the outside case of this same charmed casket. It was of an Egyptian manufacture, but in appearance very old, and many of the carved nondescript figures, or hieroglyphics, were much defaced, and the wood it was made of had become black, and was much corroded by dust and time. It was impossible to say what might have been its former use; and upon the whole, in a country like this, where every art and invention is practised to defraud the credulous, this said box happened so far to answer the purpose uncommonly well of Mr. Kilrest, and had certainly something of an uncommon appearance, or perhaps I should have said of antiquity; and such a curiosity, we have a pretty good proof, in the present age, will always fetch its price,

particularly if it should be discovered in this land of ancient lore. It is surprising to such numskulls as myself, how your antiquaries of the modern day will prize and almost adore, without saying what a vast sum of money it may cost them, some old wormeaten pillar, which perchance, in its days of use, was only a common flogging-post, where many a ragged rascal has been whipped, for having a breach in a certain part of his dress, when the poor devil perchance had not a moiety to buy a patch withal; or some old vessel, it recks not how much it may be mutilated, should it be discovered in rare ruins, particularly Egyptian ones, it is eagerly caught at, and the wiseacres can soon identify it as the soup-dish of some Roman glutton, the triumphal cup of some renowned general, or the christening vase used by the godfathers of some of the Cæsars; when in reality it was a certain utensil belonging to a Grecian washerwoman, and used for the same purpose originally as modern little children and grown people alike use

a certain something, when they feel uncomfortable in the night. But this is a sad and shameful digression from our narrative—a villainous slur on those that delve into the very marrow of learning, or rather tear the very bowels of knowledge out by the roots.—But pray, reader, excuse me; I am a sad blockhead, and have but just taste enough to admire the beautiful works of the present day, rather than extol decayed ancient relics, which no one in reality can properly account for. But there it has its end, and somebody profits by it, and perhaps I am only envious that I have not a finger in the *pie*.

It appears the grand caliph was an admirer of what was old, and by his manner should be considered something of a judge, for he looked and turned the old casket a thousand different ways; but somehow or other his fingers always kept aloof of the *charmed seal*.

At length he commanded Nulac to return it to the owner, and bid them on pain of death to quit the city immediately, as

no doubt the man was some arch-necromancer, and might much perplex them in his art, if further molestation was offered to them.

The officer was about to fulfil his orders, when the now great and mighty seignior Sadak must usurp a power, and requested leave to sever the charmed seal; and before yea or nay could pass the lips of his master, smack went the wax, twang flew the hasp, and open darted the lid, exposing to public view the rare assortment of jewels contained therein, and which at once unravelled this mighty mystery.

The eye of Elmuton soon caught the contents; he started amain, and stood for a time in silence, gazing on the box.

His hopeful Mahometan subjects trembled, and supposed the ire of the arch-necromancer had fallen on their master, and their land be again visited by the seven plagues.

The fit however lasted not long; Elmuton soon recovered his shock, and exclaimed aloud—" How now—what is this

we have here? These jewels once belonged to the state, and that Christian dog Selinus purchased them of me, when the commonweal was labouring in the greatest embarrassment for want of gold."

Sadak deliberately closed the box, and was returning it the officer, saying—"Then, great caliph, they are the merchant's still; return them to him, and let him depart, if this is the sum of his offence."

Elmuton, in a rage, snatched the casket from the custody of Sadak, and with exultation exclaimed—"What! return to a thief what he hath robbed you of? These dogs of Christians live but on plunder, and what they call trade is but crafty robbery."

The new-made officer felt indignant, and replied—"If the Christians purchase that which they know is stolen, then they become equally guilty with the thief; but what they purchase of the great Elmuton, is surely just and honest dealing."

This was a severe reply, and seemed

much to puzzle the viceroy; for the jewels in fact belonged to the state, and never were the caliph's to dispose of entirely, although the eastern despots, as well as some other sovereigns, who wear their small-clothes much tighter, and shave their beards closer, will in case of emergency pledge the wealth intrusted to their care to the best bidder. And when this caliph, this doer of forbidden things, had somewhat recovered this smart rebuke of the Pagan's, he answered, as any other *lord paramount* would have done, saying —" I hate these Christians, from my soul! and rather would I have the world believe I stole these jewels, than that despised infidel should ever have them more."

At this moment the great magician and his gifted boy were ushered into the sublime presence of the caliph, by about a dozen great black-bearded Mussulmen, with the naked cimeters held across their breasts.

The viceroy eyed the pair most minutely, as Kilrest went through many evolutions with his enchanted rod, and

seemed to threaten by his gestures to set the world on fire, if any one present only uttered a word detrimental to his peace.

Elmuton was evidently afraid to proceed in the examination of this charming pair; but he had got a good booty, and on his temerity alone depended the safe keeping of it; he therefore summoned resolution, and spoke as follows to the boy Orinda—" How now, boy; what is thy name?"

Orinda had had several lessons from her acute master, Kilrest, how to deport herself on this momentous occasion, and answered—" My name is the same as my sponsors gave me at the font."

This brief tartness somewhat nettled the mighty caliph, who replied—" It was a pity thy sponsors did not drown thee at the font, when thou hadst but few sins to answer for; when now thou art grown so full of guilt, we shall have the trouble to hang thee for it."

He then exposed the contents of the casket to him, and continued—" Tell me

on the instant, boy, how camest thou by these jewels?"

Orinda fearlessly answered—"Honestly! How came you by them? answer me that, great caliph."

This was a puzzler, and put his mightiness rather on the twist; but however he soon recovered, notwithstanding the threatening looks of the necromancer, and said—"Thou art a pert robber. The guards found these riches on thy person."

Orinda quickly retorted—"They are robbers, and have forcibly taken these riches from me: and if you detain them, what are you in the eyes of the world better than they?"

Sadak at this chuckled in his own bosom, and admired the dauntless manner of the young Christian.

The ire of Elmuton began to rise at being thus mocked, and he muttered between his teeth—"Thou art young in years, but old in craft. Hast thou lived long in this city?"

Orinda, in her wonted manner, replied

—"I was born in it, so my parents tell me."

Elmuton could ill brook this behaviour, and from a Christian too; he savagely exclaimed—"But thou shalt not be buried in it, although thou shalt die here. Our earth stinks too much of thy accursed race already; we will not feed our worms on such carrion."

The courage of Orinda at this began to fail her, and she tremulously said—"You will not dare to kill me. I hold a charmed life, which will protect me where a man might fall."

Elmuton raised himself, and calling to his slaves, continued—"We soon shall see who holds the strongest charm.—Twist the bowstring around that puny neck, ye slaves, and rid the world of another dog."

They then prepared to bare her bosom. Orinda shrieked with terror.

Kilrest was almost at his wit's end, yet still felt confident that her sex would save her. He continued as working spells and

raising incantations by a thousand ridiculous actions.

Orinda had fainted. The slave had drawn her dress from her bosom, which he no sooner discovered than he vociferated —" By the prophet, it is a woman!"

Elmuton was astounded, but replied, in a disappointed tone—" A woman! by the prophet's beard, there is not a corner in the world but that is full of deceit! Thou cunning knave! but think not thus to cheat my hate."

Kilrest took from his mystical bag a box, and applied a restorative to the poor female, and again she soon revived; when the caliph continued—" What is that necromancer there about, with his cursed spells and incantations?"

Our gipsy looked mightily sublime on his sublime mightiness, and solemnly replied—" Beware, great caliph, how you insult my knowledge, which surpasses all men's on earth beside. How doth thou know but what I have changed the sex in that body, which thou wouldst fain have

tortured, and so saved a mortal's life? I did foretell, on the night thy myrmidons arrested me, something of a dreadful nature would happen in this city. Thou canst not tell but that it was my influence saved thy life, when the damned poison cup was offered thee! I would not have thee anger the Fates by thy precipitation in the death of that innocent female, or break thy laws for fear of a horrible retribution."

Elmuton knew not what to make of this strange character; but he was in a passion, and his passion overcame his fear of the necromancer, as he answered him—"I do believe thee some artful knave, that hath combined thy cunning with this strumpet to rob the state."

The gipsy answered—"Know, great caliph, that I despise gold; or if I did but want it, like Midas, I need but wish, and could have it."

The viceroy continued to grow in rage, and commanded the slaves to search him, saying, if he discovered him to be a cheat,

as he supposed him to be, he should on that instant hang on the highest gallows in Cairo.

Kilrest appeared nothing moved, but continued to wave his mighty wand in the air, or to draw circles on the floor. The curious bag that hung suspended from his belt was the first object of attention to the vassals of Elmuton; and as they proceeded to search, the necromancer exclaimed in a thundering voice—"Stand off, base slaves, nor pollute my sanctified body with thy touch! and know, if I should shew to your sight what this bag contains, something dreadful would surely happen.—Oh, unhappy Cairo! wretched Egypt! wo, wo, wo!"

Sadak laughed in contempt.

This was a spur to the resolution of the caliph, who, in a more peremptory manner, commanded him to expose the contents of this mysterious bag at once, or he should instantly die, for he no more dreaded the exposure, nor did he apprehend

the contents would prove more dangerous than that of the casket.

Poor Kilrest thought this past a joke; yet still he depended on his cunning, which had so often befriended him, therefore he stood to his thesis with a good grace, and taking a book of curious ciphers from it, thus commenced—" Great caliph, behold this book! the characters herein written are of divine origin, and which few mortals can understand; but I can perfectly draw from them. It is called the Calendar of Fate. Each planet lent its aid when it was written, and promised to inspire him who held it, by their consent, with the power of reading the destiny of any man."

He then folded it with much care, and replaced it in the precious deposit; then, with much pomp of manner, pulled forth a phial of clear bluish liquor, which he held high in the air as his reach would admit, and with much seeming reverence continued—" Behold, all men, this bottle! it is filled with the tears of the planet Ve-

nus, shed in conjunction when angry Saturn obscured her view of the earth, and would not let her witness her votaries in their licentious doings."

This was too much even for the credulity of Elmuton, yet who withal was certainly scared by his manner and demeanour, but said—"Begone, thou art an idle babbler! and praise thy lucky stars thy life is saved."

Then addressing his slaves, continued—"Guards, take this subtle Christian queen, and confine her close, until tortures shall draw a confession from her how she became possessed of these same jewels."

This hard sentence had scarcely passed his lips, ere the court was interrupted by the uncourteous and abrupt entrance of an officer in great haste, who in much tribulation exclaimed—"Oh, holy prophet, Sebastian is *dead!* He has defeated the vigilance of his guards, and in mistake for a deadly poison, swallowed a crafty drink, which instantly caused a most strange madness in him."

Sadak quickly replied—"That was the fatal draught intended for thee, Elmuton, and in mistake the deadly potion was mixed in thy cup, which was to have caused the death of the good and faithful Monrod."

Elmuton's emotions were so great, he could make no reply, when the officer continued—"The murderous fiend had scarcely swallowed the drink, ere he began to act the mysterious murder of the lamented prince Hamman, and in every point of speech and action re-performed the dreadful and appalling scene; no doubt remains in the minds of the beholders but that he was the foul and accursed murderer. The wretch then, in a frantic raving madness, flew to the watchtower, and threw himself from the dreadful height; his body by the fall is frightfully crushed, and he is dead."

The caliph had a difficulty for a time to regain his speech, but when his agitation had subsided sufficiently, he said, in a

terrible voice—"Hell secure the thief, for robbing me of my revenge! curses on him! oh, may my curses light on all mankind!—Guards and executioners, hence to our dungeons on the instant, and let every culprit be put to the torture; deluge the streets of Cairo with blood and slaughter, for on human gore will I vent my direst rage!"

Kilrest now, in a mighty solemn voice, vociferated—"Did I not foretell to thee, Elmuton, something dreadful would happen in Cairo? no longer then mock my supremacy, but let me and my gifted Christian depart."

As the enraged viceroy was passing the prisoners to quit the hall, he struck the great necromancer a violent blow, which made the man of stars reel again, at the same time saying—"Out, out, thou infernal fiend!—And guards, as ye value your lives, bind and keep safe that Christian sorceress close in the dark tower; let hunger and thirst wanton and sport on her bowels, until breast and back shall meet

to stop her breath." He then rushed from the court and disappeared.

As the guards were preparing to fulfil the orders of their savage master on the terrified Orinda, Kilrest had only time to whisper her, and bid her keep her fortitude and trust in him for deliverance, for that three days should not expire ere they should meet again.

The hall was now commanded to be cleared; Kilrest was hurrying from the court-yard, when he was interrupted by Tabel, who thus accosted him—"Hold, most gifted magician, and vouchsafe to hear my petition!"

Kilrest wished to make the utmost speed to depart and seek his comrades in the ruins of the ravine, that some plan might be adopted to regain Orinda; but being stopped in this humble manner by an officer of the caliph's, demanded his attention, and he answered—"What, or who art thou, that thus presumest to stop the path of the moon's anointed?"

Tabel answered—"Most learned father, thy great learning and superior wisdom have not passed my ears unnoticed, and great shall be thy reward if thou wilt deign to look upon a brother officer of mine, who lies at the point of death, in consequence of a mortal wound inflicted by that murderous wretch Sebastian, on the night he was arrested; already has his case baffled the skill of our most able physicians, and if thou wouldst turn thy art to his relief, all men of Cairo shall pray for thee."

This was considered a lucky chance by the gipsy chief, who had heard of the attack on Monrod, as well as other matters which were the common talk of Cairo; therefore he readily assented to see the patient, thinking, whether he could render him any relief or not, he had no doubt but to turn his endeavours to a good account.

After much bombast, he consented to be led to the chamber of the wounded officer, whom he found in a deplorable

state: the wound was quickly examined and cleansed properly from the accumulated filth, and the gipsy doubted not but it might soon be cured by simples, some of which we have already said he had in his possession: when Kilrest, with the assistance of the dwarf, had properly prepared the mutilated part, he poured into it his decoction of herbs from the bottle, and the same which he endeavoured to answer his mystical ends, and impose on the credulity of Elmuton as the *tears of Venus*, and closely bound the part with a cerecloth; a reviving drink was then given to Monrod, and in less than an hour he shewed strength enough to converse with his doctor.

Felix had informed Kilrest that Monrod and Tabel were both his sincere friends; the gipsy therefore broached the subject of the fugitive prince, and found them still to be in his interest, and if it was in their power, ready to assist him. The good old Monrod seemed to regain his strength and spirits as Kilrest proceeded in the ac-

count of the prince Felix's safety, and that he was secure in the ruins of the ravine; little seignior Tabel danced and capered about the chamber, like a young lady practising her steps previous to her going to her *first ball*, and several times he hugged and embraced the gipsy, with as much apparent fervency as Miss shews when taking leave for the last time of her governess.

But when the necromancer let them understand that the Christian prisoner who was so severely condemned by the harsh viceroy was the unfortunate Orinda, and the beloved wife of the fugitive, the scene became suddenly changed—the poor old wounded soldier drooped in his couch, as though the hand of death was upon him—captain Tabel looked asquint, and made a face as long as a Spanish mule's; his tears trickled down his red cheeks, almost hissing as they went; and in fact he had not a visible orifice about him but what poured forth a stream in sorrow for his friend—his large nasal vent required

much attention, and his thick lips became suddenly such ill neighbours, that the sleeve of his dress was put into requisition to prevent his beard from suffering the horrors of a deluge; but, like most emotions with this curious he-nor-she thing of a man, his ebullitions lasted not long.

Monrod gave it as his opinion it would be totally impossible to rescue Orinda, and highly impolitic to attempt it; she must therefore for a time endure the horrors of the *dark tower*, as so many guards must be passed, and the situation of the place so secure, it would be in vain to harbour the thought. Tabel acquiesced with his brother officer in this particular, but took upon himself to say, for a time his care should be to prevent her from starving; and it was thought expedient, and agreed to by all, that Kilrest should leave the city as soon as possible, and make the best of his way to those left in the ravine, and return in the best manner their wits should suggest, to be at hand to give assistance to the wretched Orinda.

Seignior Tabel's sagacity foretold there would soon be a terrible hubbub both in the city and castle. All were now divided and subdivided—even the soldiers among themselves were jealous and disunited; and now that Sebastian, the idol of the desperate and cruel, was no more, a civil broil might be hourly expected. The penetration of the cunning dwarf, assisted by the sound judgment of Monrod, who was informed of every movement, both public and private, foretold the Mamelukes were concentrating their force to one point, and if a bubble of ever so trifling a nature should burst, they would by their influence fan the fire of insurrection, and perhaps in the event be the only gainers. The coffers of Elmuton too were become alarmingly low, and it was in vain, had he been so disposed, to have sought the Christians' help in his emergency, as he had often heretofore done; the wealthy part of whom had left the city, and those that remained in the suburbs had disposed of their merchandize, and sent their riches

away, or hidden them, as was and is still the case, when a political storm is threatening in this part of the world.

Under such circumstances then it was dangerous in his *gipsionic majesty* to remain where many a great man beside him stood so fearful a chance of an overthrow; he therefore left his bottle of precious liquid in the custody of our dwarf, with proper directions how the patient should be treated, and also recommended him where to find a supply of what might be wanted for the progress of the cure, and which could be purchased in an obscure part of the city, as the gipsies had their emissaries in every town, city, or district, throughout this vast empire, and where every thing healing or baneful, simple or damnable, could be procured.

All matters being settled, as well as the tenor of the times would allow, the mighty necromancer, soothsayer, magician, astrologer, seer, and physician, doffed his heavenly attire, and with a little assistance

from his prototype in cunning and shuffling, the seignior Tabel, he again became in motley appearance Kilrest, king of the ravine gipsies, and as such passed the confines of the caliph's castle, and the city of Grand Cairo, and resuming his seat on the back of one of the mules he brought with him, took his departure, with a palpitating heart, towards the yellow desert.

As was anticipated, the death of Sebastian was alike the theme of rejoicing to most of the inhabitants of Cairo, while to a great part of the soldiery it seemed as a death-knell to their glory; for so expert had they been in forming a plot for his rescue since the parade, that at the very moment his death was announced, was a posse of near a hundred desperadoes about to commence an attack on the guard, and to have delivered their boast from the horrors of the brazen platform; in his fall their hopes were blasted, and their projects confounded, and they remained for a time struck with despair.

Monrod made Nulac acquainted with

the relationship of his Christian prisoner, and by the united entreaties of the veteran and Tabel, Orinda's situation was rendered less severe than it otherwise might have been. At the same time, all hopes of her present delivery was out of the question, as the most doubted of the soldiery, and those that were known to adhere to the principles and conduct of their late commander Sebastian, were selected and put on duty in different situations, to prevent a combination, and the mischief attendant thereon, consequently the prison of Orinda was strongly guarded by a party of these beings, and which rendered assistance to that prisoner the more difficult and dangerous: Elmuton was more than ever alarmed for his personal safety, and commanded captain Tabel, with a strong and trusty eunuch guard, to be stationed at the door of his chamber—thus was that mighty personage prevented from giving any assistance, had any opportunity offered, for that night at any rate: Sadak was stationed, with a party of tried veterans,

at a different part of the castle, and pined away the night on the thoughts only of his beloved Zoa: all attached to our narrative now seemed misplaced and in mishap; the dreary hours glided by, and ushered in another day, without any incident occurring which concerns us.

CHAPTER V.

Trembling with pleasure, hope, and fear,
Her faltering tongue pronounc'd his name,
And never o'er his ravish'd ear
A sound so soft, so gentle came.

CHARLOTTE C. RICHARDSON.

THE cares and anxieties which hung so heavily over the mind of Elmuton, and filled his breast with such perplexity, were most favourable to the beautiful Zoa, and prevented her being tortured with asseverations of love, and the glittering prospects of greatness, made and painted by

the viceroy, and on whom she looked with greater abhorrence and detestation, since she knew he she loved with such affectionate regard was so near her, and in a manner under the same roof. Zoa had seen her lover decked in the garb of greatness, and invested with the badge of power—still the gewgaws delighted not her—rather would she have traced their native shores, and rambled in the shade, on mossy banks, than revelled in such luxury, and so have basked in a polluted sunshine of splendid misery and tantalizing magnificence.

The gilded balcony and costly ornaments of her chamber served only to chafe the galling wound of her captivity; the sun shone not to her as in his wonted brightness—the moonbeams played not on the earth, as when in sweet and unsophisticated liberty she sported away the evening-tide with him she loved: her voice, her action, pleased not herself, as when she unrestrained ranged the groves of her native land. As the feathered warbler

charms the ear and awakens echo with his sweet notes, as he in wildness strays—is coveted for his song, caught, and confined in a gaudy cage, soon loses his energy, his vivacity shrinks in his captivity, and his ravishing lay no longer floats upon the air, until with fear and trembling he pines himself to death, and then is creation robbed of a beauty—so pined the lovely Zoa, although the flattering mirror was held to her view, shewing how with her lover she should burst the wires of her cage, and again wander in peace, love, and liberty.

Often was she pained, yet forced to act a deceptive part—to assume a gaiety her sad heart revolted at—to laugh when her soul was sorrowful—to partake occasionally in the amusements of the harem, when her spirit was labouring in tribulation. In returning from the baths Elmuton invariably accosted her, yet she returned his courtesies in such a becoming manner, as to hold his forward advances in check, yet fanned the flame which pervaded his bosom.

The gallant seignior Tabel, since he had become acquainted with her attachment to the new great man in power, the high seignior Sadak, assisted much in preventing the importunities of the caliph on his favourite, and profited not a little for his services; as costly presents were hourly lavished by the fickle Elmuton on his new-made favourites, Zoa and Sadak, which the cunning dwarf not only extolled and admired, but really fell so much in love with the beauty of some, that many a valuable trinket was presented to him, as a douceur for his attention and civility.

Tabel took the first opportunity to make Zoa acquainted with the cause why Sadak had not kept his appointment on the night previous, which in some measure appeased her anxious bosom, and enabled her to bear the trials of another day, which however passed without any thing in particular transpiring, except that the caliph moved not from his private suit of rooms, but gave his commands and directions to a few picked and tried officers, so fearful

and full of apprehension had he become for his own safety.

The day again was fast drawing to a close, and the officers differently disposed, and had other posts allotted to them from what they had had on the former night; little Tabel was now stationed as the captain of the guardhouse, within the walls of the castle, at which place offenders were lodged who had transgressed within the precincts of the harem and palace.

We have already said the chamber of Zoa not only commanded a view of the gardens of the harem, but a strongly latticed window looked also into a court-yard of the castle, of considerable thoroughfare and importance, and where a guard was always placed: the tenor of the times demanded much caution—the sentries both by day and night were more frequently changed, to prevent the possibility of plotting among the soldiers; such being the case, Sadak was commanded to take the charge of a division of men, many of whom were known strongly to adhere to the Se-

bastian system, and had their duty fixed for the first part of the night in this same said court; and it happened, although unknown alike to the lovers, Sadak was stationed under the window of Zoa.

About the third hour of the watch the ears of Sadak were struck by the well-known voice of his beloved, in plaintive ditty, as she gazed through her prison-bars on the heavens, bewailing her unhappy fate. He listened—it must surely be delusion; his soul fluttered, as his hungry ears drank the mournful sounds, until confirmation lulled his mind into a sweet ecstacy of delight, as with a clear and beautiful voice Zoa sung the following:—

Ye breezes, be hush'd, as I listen awhile,
 To catch if the voice of my lover is near,
Assist me the sad dreary night to beguile,
 And sweet hope fill the hour to chase away fear.

Thou bright twinkling star, thine influence lend,
 My lover to guide on his fearful way;
In pity, ye stars, your protection send—
 For him the sad night oh turn into day!

I feast on sorrow when he is away,
 I banquet on tears—my pillow's my bane;
Hear then, kind stars, my wo-begone lay,
 And whisper, ye winds, my dear lover's name.

Oh! why so silent, so stubborn, unkind,
 Ye zephyrs unfeeling, to ease this fond breast?
Oh! lisp out his name, thou soft passing wind,
 Tell me he's safe, then I'll sink into rest.

Sadak was so overcome, he scarcely knew how to contain himself until the close of the burthen. It was the voice of her he loved, yet how to answer it he knew not, without the observation of the common guards who were so near him; yet to let the opportunity pass was impossible—could he only exchange one word with her, it would be worth a world of anticipation, and as a golden treasure to his heart. He walked heavily in pace beneath the window, and struck the pavement with the end of his long halbert, which was used by the caliph's officers when on duty; Zoa noticed not this, nor to his loud and frequent sighs gave a correspondence.

The night was dark, at least the space of the court appeared so, it being surrounded by high buildings. He reached the lattice with the end of his weapon, and gently tapped—no countersign was given. Zoa heard it all, but listened in ignorance, and little supposed the object of her affection caused the interruption. Sadak was fired to distraction—" Oh," he inwardly exclaimed, " could I but gain the cruel bars which separate us, then might we exchange our vows, and be happy in the assurance of each other's safety !"

Again he looked around him—his comrades were scarce perceivable ; what means could he devise to reach the window ? Love soon formed a stratagem—the shawl, or rather the scarf, which formed his turban, was quickly unfolded, and a knot knit in the end of it, and placed by the end of his halbert between the bars ; it was proved, and found secure to hold his weight. The heart of the lover palpitated—he had climbed half the distance up-

wards—he staid—all was still, and he seemed secure in his venture: again he persevered—the summit was gained, and the casement open. The name of Zoa had passed his lips—the sound struck the enraptured ear of the Pagan maid—she flew to the opening—it was her dear, dear Sadak—their hands met—they seemed in a paradise of love.

At this moment a savage guardsman passed below, who had been a creature of the late Sebastian's, and looked on Sadak as he would on a fiend of the most infernal order; he witnessed the trespass—beheld the offender in the act of sacrilege on the caliph's forbidden sanctuary. This was food for his jealous soul, and revenge laughed at its triumph as he gave an alarm, and secured the culprit Sadak.

The thought of having a Pagan to rule and command a Mussulman, was a matter of much degradation to the soldiers of Mahomet, from the first moment of Sadak's advancement, without their considering at all the cause of his promotion to

honour; and the favour he was held in by the viceroy created him many secret enemies among the officers; the friends of the late Sebastian eyed him with detestation, as being the principal author of their favourite's overthrow, and only awaited a fit opportunity to vent their cherished hatred, and pour their resentment on his head. The news of his capture and offence flew with the velocity of lightning from sentry to sentry, and each who dared to leave his post hurried to the spot, and lent their aid in invective on the suddenly fallen chief. Insult and indignity were poured on the vile Pagan, infidel dog, heathen beast, scum of the earth, and the dregs of creation, as he was saluted by every tongue which but an hour before hailed him with —"Most noble Sadak—great captain—high seignior!" and such like appellations of honourable *cant.* But his offence was rank, and well was it known the Ottoman laws would shew him no lenity; beside, the honour of Elmuton was assailed even

in the attempt to invade the privacy of his wives.

With all this it was not likely his present situation could be the most comfortable in Egypt; he was therefore dragged, *sans ceremonie*, to the guardroom, amidst the most degrading insults of the prejudiced soldiery, some of whom spit upon him as he passed, others rent his dress, tore his badges of distinction from him, and even kicked him, and struck him in his passage, until the blood flowed in torrents from his nose and mouth, while his black and flowing hair was doomed to be a mark of derision for the bareheaded rascally followers of Mahomet, whole tufts of which were forcibly plucked from his brow, and scattered in contempt to the winds.

The noble-minded Sadak replied not, nor murmured at these indignities, but heroically seemed to brave them all; but, alas! his bosom was tortured with a thousand pangs, which mocked the sufferings of his body. Thus maltreated, and with

scorn, was the late most noble Sadak borne in strong custody to the guardroom, where the most mighty seignior, captain Tabel, presided in midnight authority. This high charge of so considerable an offender, came so suddenly on the little great man, he was puzzled how to act; yet the law for the offence pointed but one way, which was to send the culprit to the deep dungeon for the remainder of the night, and at sunrise to see him at once executed. It will be remembered it was yet early night, what may be supposed to be, according to our hours, about half-past ten o'clock; Tabel knew his duty in this matter was imperious—he also perfectly recollected Sadak had him completely in his power, should he impeach and make known the indulgences he had of late winked at, and which had been enjoyed by Sadak; therefore he felt most confoundedly uncomfortable in his post of honour, and shewed to the by-standers, by his manner, his unwillingness to give the usual com-

mand, that the prisoner should at once be thrown into the deep dungeon.

This was observed, and a murmur at his tardiness shewed itself among the guard collected; loud calls for justice and punishment on the prisoner were vociferated, and a tumult seemed to be gathering, which sadly alarmed the dwarf, to appease which he had no alternative but to give the customary command, and in an instant the wretched Sadak was forced to his dismal abode, there to await only a few hours, when death would cancel all obligations, and bury in oblivion his sufferings and wrongs.

The discomposed dwarf only remained until the return of the guards, to receive the keys of Sadak's prison, ere he hastened, first to the chamber of seignora Ayesha, which was much nearer than his own, to get a draught for his *strange infirmity*, which he was now labouring under in a most strong fit, and also to make that lady acquainted with what had happened, that she might inform Zoa of her lover's mis-

hap, and prepare her for the appalling event. When this was done, he hastened to the apartment of his imperial master, and with a face as wo-stricken as a baboon's in a frosty morning, related every particular to the viceroy, whose rage at hearing it knew no bounds; he fastened his hand on the throat of the stammering dwarf, until the poor little thing's eyes almost burst their sockets, and his tongue swelled out of his mouth to a most enormous size.

When the mad caliph had raged his rage out, with cursing and squeezing, swearing and swaggering, he threw himself for a time, quite exhausted with anger, on a couch, and there remained in a profound sweat. This gave an opportunity for reason to return, for strength to recruit, and for the half-strangled eunuch to recover his breath, and apply his members to their proper uses. When this precious pair had somewhat reconciled themselves, and again appeared as two human beings, Elmuton demanded of Tabel the keys of the dun-

geon where Sadak was confined, and also the key of the gate leading from the castle, and which opened into the identical court where the mishap of Sadak occurred. But to be better understood, perhaps it may be necessary to say, this court-yard was an outer one of the castle, and divided from the city only by a minor gate; the entrance of the deep dungeon also came into this court, and these two keys were the only ones which remained in the charge of him who sat as officer of the night in the guard-room.

This being explained, we will proceed in narrative: Elmuton, in great anger, took possession of the keys from our dwarf, that no mercy or indulgence might be shewn to the unfortunate culprit Sadak, nor a chance given him of an escape from the viceroy's vengeance; he then commanded Tabel to retire, and order Ayesha to attend him immediately.

The poor dwarf was not long in doing his enraged master's bidding as to his retiring; and lest the message he was char-

ged withal might miscarry, he delivered it himself, and found old Ayesha in the chamber of the distressed Zoa, whom he on the instant dispatched to the red-hot caliph, wondering at the same time what commands he could have for the governante at that hour of the night.

The heart-broken Zoa was inconsolable, and lay stretched on her couch in all the death of wo. Tabel remained for a time in silence; the poor beauty knew not her mistress had left the chamber, and when she raised herself and saw the little man, she flew towards him in a transport, and with tears and sobs craved his assistance in saving her lover. This she was soon given to understand was impossible; and in her ravings begged to know where the prison of her Sadak was situated, that she might, she said, cast her eyes over the spot, and then on the face of the heavens, to trace out the star that pointed to his fatal dungeon, and shed a lingering dimness over his fate.

Tabel was really melted at her sorrows,

and led her to the ill-fated lattice, which he opened by a private spring, and which was only known to old Ayesha and himself, and which there is little doubt was often opened by these precious cock and hen pimps, for purposes of gallantry between the officers of the castle and the ladies of the harem; but it was now unclosed that the wretched Zoa might better descry the discovery he had to make; the eunuch then pointed out the entrance to the frightful deep dungeon, as it was called, and also the gate which led outside the castle wall, to rather an obscure part of the city, and down the steepest part of the rock on which the castle stood. Mournfully the little fellow deplored the hard fate that awaited the good captain Sadak, as he was pleased still to call him, and who, he said, would surely die on the morrow, for Elmuton had prevented every possibility of a rescue, by taking the keys in his own custody, and had thus cut off every gleam of hope.

At this moment the approach of Ayesha

was heard; they turned in haste from the casement, and the mistress entered in most terrible agitation, crying, in discordant voice—"Oh, good Tabel, haste away from here! Elmuton is certainly mad with rage and rancour, and on the instant is coming to this chamber."

This was quite enough for the pigmy man, who without saying another word scampered off, as nimble as a thieving cat when surprised in a dairy of new milk on which she had been feasting.

Ayesha continued, addressing herself to Zoa—"Here is a pretty work indeed your modest airs have brought us all to! Oh, shame on your beauty to refuse the caliph and encourage his slaves! Now answer to your own weakness and folly, for Elmuton swears this night he will force you to his love, and then most likely in the morning will take off your head, in gratitude for the pleasure you may afford him."

This wicked information roused the faculties of Zoa more than hours of consola-

tion could have done; the pride of her sex was in danger—her virtue had been insulted, and by a woman who should have joined in her protection; she stood for a time as lost; Ayesha was departing, when she caught her by her garments in despair, and exclaimed—"Oh! in pity save me from this cruel tiger's grasp, and foul pollution!"

As the old hardened beldame disentangled herself from the gripe of Zoa, and was making her way out of the room, she said—"What, would you have me help you—I, whose counsels you have despised, which would have ere this made you the proudest she in Egypt? no, no, look not to me for help—I have no notion to be tucked up on a high gallows, to hang kicking in the wind, and shew my legs to all the town, and be made the sport of slaves for my folly. Elmuton holds the keys, and no mortal man, or woman either, can save you both from fate. Hark! I hear the caliph is approaching, so speed you as you deserve!"

She then darted out of the apartment, and left the distracted and beautiful Zoa alone, and too sensible to her horrors, who stood for a space as lost to the world; after a time she seemed to awake to new life, suddenly turned and closed the lattice, yet only so near as to elude observation; she then adjusted her dress and features, and asumed the mask of gaiety.

Elmuton entered with a brow lowering a thousand vengeances. Zoa made a low obeisance to him, and forced a bewitching smile, as though her whole soul was in a profound calm, and her heart only beat the tune of love.

Elmuton stood and gazed on her; at length said, in a sullen tone of voice—"Oh thou pretty, winning, dissembling thing, who with the slim and flimsy veil of deceit hath so long clothed thyself, to rob me of my pleasures, and make me the laughingstock of all true love's votaries! but now thou art caught in thine own snare, and for this cheat thy infernal paramour shall be wedded to the rack, and

embrace a lingering death, a terrible example of perfidy and ingratitude."

Zoa answered, as in great astonishment —"My paramour! of whom would now the great Elmuton speak? if the late commotion in this court below is thy meaning, I am ignorant of the cause. Some short time since I heard a murmuring there, and went to the lattice to ascertain the reason out of mere curiosity, when I learnt a man had been taken endeavouring to gain the height of my window. I suppose it was some poor wretched slave who was delighted with my song, and who wished to obtain a more perfect hearing, for I have been much in singing mood to-night, as I was informed the great Elmuton intended to honour me, his poor slave, with a visit."

This was delivered with such a good grace, and seemed so feasible a story, that it put the reasoning faculties of the mighty caliph to a nonplus. He knew not how to answer for a time, but in silence surveyed the beauty of his slave, who took

care to display her charms to the best advantage; he approached nearer, and said —"Would that thy speech was fair as is thy face, and thy words, as thy beauty, resembled truth!"

Zoa answered, without betraying embarrassment — "If Elmuton thinks my beauty mocks the truth, then let him make fast his eyes, and see my face no more, and close his ears, and have them no more contaminated by my speech."

This delicate rebuke did the business, and melted completely the poor, tender, susceptible heart of the sensible viceroy, and so tickled his fancy, he caught her to his breast, and in a subdued tone exclaimed — "Oh come then to my throbbing heart, and feed my every sense on love's delight!"

After pressing her fervently for a time, he continued—"Oh, lovely Zoa! wouldst thou but now sing, to ravish all tribulation from my bosom, and tranquillize my stormy mind!"

When Zoa had gently disengaged herself from the embrace of Elmuton, the thought struck her of a sleeping potion which she had, and which was given to her by old Ayesha, to compose her troubled spirits in sleep; she therefore replied —"Great sire, I was about to mix a drink of sherbet ere you arrived—do you unrobe and compose yourself, then will I pledge you in the refreshing draught."

Elmuton again embraced her, and replied—"Thou art kind, sweet love, and for thy kindness will I make thee great, and kiss the cup with thee in pledge of faith."

As Zoa was preparing the ambrosial draught, Elmuton disencumbered himself of his pelisse, his band, sabre, and the ponderous keys of the castle-gate and the prison of Sadak. The heart of Zoa palpitated as her eye caught the fatal instrument which debarred her lover from freedom, and locked him as it were in death. The late perturbation Elmuton had en-

dured harassed his spirits, and now that he felt somewhat calm, he found his body oppressed by his exertion, and threw himself upon the couch, while Zoa prepared the sherbet, which she strongly impregnated with spices, and also infused the sleeping potion in great quantity.

With an arch assumption of gaiety she presented the goblet to the viceroy, who partook a copious draught of the inviting beverage. Zoa in pretence did the same, and again presented the vessel to her already drowsy lord; and she now prepared to lull his senses by singing. The remainder of the drink was swallowed by Elmuton, who in a more reclining posture stretched himself on the sofa. Zoa sung the following, in a plaintive and lullaby note:

"Dare I still sweet hope to cherish,
 Dare I yield my soul to love,
Cank'ring care no more to nourish,
 Bless'd with happy freedom rove?
  Whisper, whisper, fate.

"Yes, the prospect is before me,
Heavy clouds are passing by—
Shed, sweet hope, thine influence o'er me,
Sad despair, I bid thee fly—
Happy moment, stay!

"Darksome clouds, as day, shall light me—
Fainting stars, propitious shine;
Terror, hence! nor longer fright me—
Liberty, I hail thee mine!
Welcome, welcome, night!"

Zoa made the most of her song, nor did she cease to sing until Morpheus had made Elmuton all his own. The turban of the caliph had dropped from his head —he perceived it not; Zoa stole to the casement, and took a cautious survey of the court below—all was silent, save the boisterous talking of the collected sentries in the distant guard-room, who had strayed from their posts, to converse on the late outrage, and in many discussions lay out the future, and very cunningly give their opinion of the past, and argue what promotions were likely next to take place.

Zoa carefully examined the height, and to her surprise the fatal scarf was still

suspended to the trellis. Her heart beat at the sight, and at once she resolved to venture, and endeavour to rescue Sadak from his impending danger. She returned to the couch. Elmuton slept profoundly. Again she hung on the notes of her song; he moved not, nor did the sound make any visible impression on him. She took the keys, and again sought the window. Again she returned to the interior of her chamber.

She now determined to vest herself in the robe of Elmuton; it was done—the sash or band was bound about her waist, the keys were secured therein, the sabre was suspended on her side, the glittering and well-known turban of the caliph graced her brows. She viewed herself in the mirror; her figure was tall. The watchword she had heard often repeated in the course of the evening—it was known to her; the countersign was "pyramid;" she might pass for the caliph. She trembled. She was accoutred for the enterprise; her endeavours might save the life of her

dear Sadak—perchance give them both liberty, and break the chains of slavery. She glided to the casement—leant over the trellis—seated herself on it. The scarf now supported her; she was suspended—she found herself sinking; the scarf passed through her hands—her senses were wavering—she breathed not. Oh, fearful moment! Kind Heavens be praised! the pavement was reached in safety. Her sight swam—the wall supported her tottering frame—it was but transitory. All around was still. She was passing cautiously to the entrance of the dungeon, when her foot struck the reclining halbert of Sadak, which had not been removed; it fell with a crash on the marble pavement; echo responded, doubled the sound, and brought the absent sentry to his duty. The terrified Zoa flew to the arched entry of her Sadak's prison, and prostrated herself there.

The guard took his rounds, far enough to discover the cause of his alarm; many curses were heaped on the weapon as it

lay, and as though a contagion attended it, the guardsman kicked it on one side, and then again sought his comrades in their rendezvous.

All was once more tranquil. The gleam of the lamp was still visible in her chamber, but it seemed stationary, and bespoke all there was safe. A faint light was burning within the entry of Sadak's cell. She applied one of the keys to the lock—it fitted not; with trembling and fear the other was proved—it entered, and after a powerful endeavour, which demanded her entire strength, back flew the ponderous bolt, and the door slowly opened.

The descent was steep; with a faltering step and palpitating heart she followed the dark course. A heavy sigh struck her ear, which almost annihilated her; she summoned her fortitude, and gently called on the name of Sadak. Another, but deeper, and a heart-rending sigh, was the only response. Again she called; a deathlike silence followed for a short space, which the murmuring of the prisoner

disturbed, and in broken accents Zoa caught the sound of her own name. Now she more loudly hailed him, and bade him be of good cheer, as life, liberty, and his Zoa, were near at hand.

The wretched prisoner exclaimed—"Blessed, blessed vision! by the power of the glorious sun, shew thy beloved form as in life to mine eyes, as plainly as the semblance of thy voice strikes mine ear, and I will die content and happy!"

Zoa answered, but in a greater heat of voice—"Sadak, dear Sadak! it is your own beloved Zoa speaks to you, in life and in health! It is no vision, love! throw off all fear, assume thy utmost manhood, for Zoa brings thee liberty!"

The vision now fled from the mind of Sadak, and in an instant all doubts were removed, and the fond pair locked in each other's arms. The necessity of cautious expedition was soon understood, and quickly they groped their way upwards from the small and dark recess. Soon

the faint light of the glimmering lamp shewed the path; they listened, and all was quiet. The open air refreshed their frames.

The penetration of Zoa suggested that it was needful for Sadak to regain the still suspended scarf, the better to preserve appearance, when they should reach the outside of the gate leading to the city; as it was not probable the news of Sadak's disgrace could become known there until the gates were thrown open in the morning, and the usual intercourse take place.

The scarf was soon recovered, and by the same means as it was first placed there. The dungeon door was again made secure, and the key preserved. The portal leading from the court to the outside of the walls was next sought; the key was applied, and by the strength of Sadak soon the willing bolt yielded. Here they were instantly challenged by the outside sentry; at which rencontre Sadak hastily bound the now fortunate scarf about his head as a turban, and with a

voice of authority, as he closed the gate after them, gave the city countersign, which was for this night "Cleopatra."

The guard made the customary saluta-tion to his superior, and the timorous pair descended the steep without further mo-lestation, save the ceremony of passing the sentries. And as for their appearance be-ing mysterious, it was considered as no-thing uncommon, and therefore passed without any particular observation in this despotic and mystical country.

Sadak and Zoa knew not where to seek a place of shelter and security; but still hastily bent their course forward at ran-dom, being entire strangers to the town; they however soon reached the suburbs, and were near the river side, when their progress was suddenly arrested by about a dozen Mamelukes, whom the caliph-like appearance of Zoa attracted, and on whom they seized, supposing her to be Elmuton.

They were instantly forced to a seques-tered abode, where a large body of Mame-lukes were assembled in secret cabal, and

by them the fugitives were questioned as to their identity, and the mistake soon discovered, much to the disappointment of the sect, who would have gloried in this opportunity to have dispatched the tyrant of their liberties.

Sadak knowing how strong these people were in opposition to the ruling power, at once made himself and Zoa known, with all the circumstances attending their past fates.

The key of the castle-gate was instantly taken from them, and secured by the chief of the party. Part of the valuable ornaments of the caliph's turban and sword carriage was also taken, and the remainder returned to Sadak, for their own use. Thus were they enriched most unexpectedly, for the valuable gems and precious stones thus stolen passed unnoticed by them, until the Mamelukes reminded them of them.

The wanderers were well treated for their information and riches, and placed in a safe asylum, until an opportunity

should offer for their deliverance, or the assistance of Sadak be demanded, in the irruption which he perceived was growing rapidly to maturity.

The night passed in and about the castle without any further disturbance, save the *pro* and *con* created by the overthrow and capture of the favourite chief of the viceroy; and anxiously was the hour for his execution anticipated, both by the haters of Paganism and those who had been jealous of his advancement, while it was looked on by the partisans of the late Sebastian as a just retribution of the prophet.

The sun had risen two hours, and yet no command had been delivered from the caliph for the execution of Sadak to take place. Nulac was now considered the principal officer for the present, and to him were repeated appeals made for orders. He had none to give; Elmuton was not yet stirring, and all seemed at a stand-still.

The head eunuch, captain Tabel, was next sought; all he could say was, Elmu-

ton went late the last evening to the chamber of his new female favourite, the beautiful Zoa, and had not yet made his appearance; and he valued his head too much to disturb the caliph in his amours.

The soldiery were becoming clamourous. A consultation was holden of the chief officers, and it was at once determined to send Ayesha, the governess of the harem, to the chamber of the Pagan wench, and remind the caliph of the fast wasting day.

This being settled, the governante was dispatched, by the orders of the chief eunuch in council, the great captain Tabel, on her important but dangerous mission; and with heels heavy as lead, heart cold as ice, and head bewildered like a butterfly in a shower, the old Jezabel took her reluctant way to the chamber of Cupid and Venus, or rather of Beauty and the Beast. Like a modest chamber-maid, the old hag tapped gently at the door of the apartment, and awaited a summons to enter. She received no answer: knocked loud;

all was still as the chamber of death. She applied her ear to the keyhole—her eye the same; no information could she gain. It seemed very strange. She laid her hand on the hasp—open flew the door; there lay Elmuton, sound asleep, and snoring like an alderman after a city debauch. She ventured to the side of his couch, but no Zoa was to be perceived—no blood upon the floor—no trunkless head, nor headless trunk, could she observe. This was stranger still. Oh, the Pagan's devil must for certain have flown away with the beautiful imp!

The modest Ayesha now became bold enough to jog the mighty caliph by the elbow. He only snored a rebuff, and turned on his other side. What could be the reason? In her eye Elmuton looked beautiful when asleep; she should like to steal a kiss for the honour of the thing. She did so—still he awoke not; not even the warmth of charming seigniora Ayesha's lips awoke him. Oh, he must most certainly be in a terrible fit! She shook him

violently; he turned, yawned, and exclaimed—"Oh, beautiful and lovely creature, entwine thine arms around me, and smother me in bliss!" And actually, in the ecstacy of his thoughts, Elmuton caught the ugly old hag around the waist, and hugged her on the couch.

The modesty of the ancient maiden was shocked; she attempted to give a sensitive sort of a scream, but it proved more like the discordant screech of the owl, which thoroughly awoke the viceroy, and discovering the falsity of his vision, he threw the tender Ayesha such a distance from him, and with such unlover-like force, that she rolled over and over on the floor, which sadly discomposed the order of her dress, and quite shocked her modesty, beside bruising her in several places, which she could not with propriety shew to all the world. And when she could properly recover her perpendicular, she flew out of the chamber, and made her friend Tabel the eunuch acquainted with every minute particular of Elmuton's out-

rage; who, by the bye, did not understand half the meaning of the maltreatment of the amorous caliph.

Presently she was followed by the half-naked and furious Elmuton, when the whole mystery was fully developed. Sadak was ordered for immediate execution, and a great reward offered for the slave Zoa.

The dungeon of Sadak was explored—no culprit could be found. The keys Elmuton held were missing, as well as his valuable turban and costly sword and carriage. No one had witnessed their escape, although each swore, by all the oaths of the Mussulmen, from the beard of the prophet to the milk-white tail of Mahomet's ass, he had not been absent one moment from his duty. It was agreed on, by the credulous part of these Ottomen, that Sadak was nothing else but the *arch-devil*, and Zoa madam *Beelzebub*; and in this pretty consternation we will for the present leave the hopeful city of Cairo.

CHAPTER VI.



Oh that I had nor home, country, nor friend,
And all the world to me an empty void—
No thought but what the passing moment brought,
Nor cares but such as Nature's calls create!
Like the poor idiot then my life would pass,
Nor hope, nor fear, for this nor that to come.

Original.

SINCE the departure of Orinda and Kilrest, the ruins in the ravine was a melancholy abode for the Christians. The young Oscar recovered his strength and health hourly, and in three days from the accident was able to leave the cavern, and occasionally partake with his sorrowful father and brother the fresh air in the environs. The old hermit Ishmaud came daily to visit and administer relief. Selinus and the recluse had formed a great attachment to each other. Yet the merchant could not

by any means whatever obtain what Ishmaud formerly had been, nor could he form in his mind any knowledge of him, prior to their first interview in the solitary dell, on the skirts of the yellow desert, the day the caravan halted, and put the whole band of gipsies in such busy commotion and bustle, which in the end added considerably to their revenue, for when the motley queer band returned in the evening with the profits of their arts, tricks, and chicanery, the Christians had the opportunity of witnessing, and were surprised at the bulk of their booty, and despite of their anxious and sorrowing thoughts, were forced to be amused with the account they gave to each other of their exploits, and boasted how successfully they had duped the travellers.

The whole of this day Ishmaud spent at the cavern in the ruins, purposely to avoid the importunities and rude gaze of curious strangers, much to the disprofit of the guides, who had conducted them to his wretched abode, while his friend and com-

panion Kesto lurked about the caravansary, to obtain information from Thebes, and learn how the world of public affairs passed; but nothing could the Christians hear from him or from the gipsies, save that there was much mystery attached to the caravan, which was passing on to Cairo, and that some Mamelukes were passengers in it, while others were dropping down the Nile, for the same destination.

Whatever the recluses had heard to give them satisfaction, was unknown to those in the ruins; but certainly from this day the countenance of Kesto in particular wore a much brighter aspect, and he appeared most anxious for the return of Kilrest.

The protracted return of Orinda and the gipsy visibly preyed on the mind of the prince—he looked the statue of despair, his days were wretched, and his nights were restless; during the space between the rising of the sun until darkness had drawn her sable veil over the face of the

earth, would he pace up and down to the heights above the ruins, and with straining eyes trace the road leading from Cairo. Then would he repeatedly inquire the distance from the city, and how soon it was possible a mule could perform the journey: again would he ask which were the most dangerous parts of the road, where the most perilous, and what the best method to avoid the common evils travellers in this country are liable to: then would he importune to know which they considered the most baneful and mischievous of the brute or reptile creation for passengers to meet—in what manner they encountered their prey, and in what parts they mostly lurked. The season of the fifty winds had so far subsided as not to be apprehended in a dangerous way, yet every breeze which stirred the branches of the trees was magnified by the fears of the tender husband into mighty hurricanes, and each light and frivolous cloud of dust which arose in his sight, was by his alarms formed into a terrible and overwhelming

sand-storm. Every slight gust of wind which murmured among the crevices in the rocks and ruins his anxiety enlarged, until in imagination they rolled in loud and appalling peals of thunder. At night, when the inmates of the cavern were soundly sleeping, would he sit on his mat, and listen until his limbs became stiff in the straining posture; then throw himself full length, fix his sleepless eyes on the lamp, and form a thousand horrible resemblances in the shadows: or, when all was still, would he steal to the post of the watchman, and disturb him by idle and vague inquiries, and question him as to what sounds he had heard on the road. Thus he passed the time in dreadful watchfulness; and although so few days and nights had elapsed, he had become pale and haggard doublefold to what he was when first he entered the ruins, when he was suffering every privation for the necessaries of life.

The suffering of poor old Selinus was

quite as acute, but appeared in a different manner. Every opportunity would he get by himself into some obscure corner or unfrequented part, and sit and brood over his anxieties and sorrows; sometimes for an hour, without noticing aught that was passing, remain with his face buried in his hands, and rocking his body with a monotonous motion—or folding his arms, stand with his face close to the rock or wall, until he became lost to every thing save his troubles. At other times would he be found in fervent prayer to that power that watches and provides alike for man and beast, until a generous flow of tears would awake him to a proper sense of reason and moral philosophy; then again would he return to the sick couch of his new-found son, ponder over the past, and trusting in an all-wise Providence, hope for the future, until weary nature combating with his age, he would sink into a short but disturbed slumber.

The sun had withdrawn his rays, and was no longer visible. Oscar was sleeping

in the cavern, after having taken an unusual exertion among the shady recesses of the ruins, when Selinus and Felix wandered to the entrance of the ravine, and the road Kilrest and Orinda were expected to return by.

Melancholy and sad were the few words which passed between them. Selinus encouraged his son, as he ever called Felix, to support with fortitude his suspense and separation, when they were surprised by a distant cloud of dust, which seemed to advance over the green plain, as it was called, onward toward the ravine. Soon their anxious eyes descried a horseman, and presently the voice of a man was distinctly heard crying—"Hollo! hollo! hollo!"

Felix exclaimed in raptures—"Heaven be praised, it is Kilrest! see, see how rapidly he goads his poor mule onward! the sand flies before him, as though he was borne by the clouds along." And before they had time to proceed many paces

in meeting him, the gipsy was at their side.

He instantly threw himself from the back of the jaded animal, faint and breathless with his exertion; for he had performed the wonderful distance from Cairo since a short time before daybreak the same morning, although the route he came was but about twenty-five English miles; still it was wonderful to perform in a country like this, and in the full heat of day. The first words he articulated were—" The world stands still, and all the Zodiac is at hard war!"

Selinus and Felix were terrified at his manner; but these nondescript words made them fear his wits had forsaken him. Orinda was not to be seen, and in a transport of agony, Felix exclaimed—" Merciful Power! Kilrest, tell me what is the matter?"

The gipsy wiped the streaming perspiration from his brows, and answered—" There is no matter now—all nature is run dry. The sun of late went drunk at

night to bed, and could not at his wonted time get up—the moon wept herself blind, and so lost her way—Venus is grown modest—the Virgin is turned out a jilt—the Bull is a bore—the Ram is become a stoic—the Twins are proved to be bastards, and will be sent adrift—the Lion and the Goat have exchanged spheres—the Crab has caught the Archer by the heel—the Balance is out of poise, and quite overturned—the Fishes wear the Scorpion's sting—and the Scorpion basks upon the Milky-way; the world is out of joint, and men run mad!"

Selinus was fearful the gipsy had run mad, and in much tribulation inquired for his daughter, and if she was safe.

Felix followed in the same strain, but with more impetuosity to rave for his wife.

The curious gipsy fetched a deep breath, and said—"Ask me not so fast. Oh, oh, my star is shot, and henceforward consider all astrologers as fools!"

Felix's emotions were so alarming, he

could scarcely articulate these words—"Oh tell me, have you then miscarried in this fatal enterprise, and in your travel forfeited my wife?"

Kilrest replied—"That I have miscarried is most certain, and that your wife is carried safely to a prison is most certain too; and now we, like good and careful nurses, must endeavour to get her well out of her confinement."

Selinus reddened at this report, and in a mixture of feeling too distressing to describe, said—"The cruel monsters have not dared to imprison her! she has not broken their laws! I will instantly to the sultan, and demand her liberation."

Felix laid his hand on his sword, for the gipsies had provided him with such for his own personal safety, and vociferated—"I will instantly to the cruel Elmuton, and demand her, and even through my father's blood regain her!"

Kilrest with much *sang-froid* replied—"Tut, tut, tut! my hot-brained fighter, all that will not do! I should have been

back here two hours since, but that time lost may be our entire gain." He then, as they passed onward to the ruins, related the heads of all that had recently transpired at Grand Cairo.

When the gipsy came to the recital of Orinda's cause of being confined in the dark tower, both the merchant and the prince had great difficulty in holding their existence; but as soon as he made known the eunuch Tabel and Nulac had both given their words to befriend her, the intensity of their fears subsided; for the real friendship of Tabel was well known to the young prince, as well as his weak foibles. For the fate of poor old Monrod both the Christians shed tears of sorrow; but the assurance of Kilrest that he would ultimately recover, was also a balm to their sorrows. The vile attack on the life of Elmuton distressed his discarded son to a degree not to be imagined, after knowing the sufferings he had endured from his cruel decrees; but the fate of Sebastian was heard by both with a religious feel-

ing which became them, as being men and Christians.

Kilrest then informed them the cause of his delay, after leaving the suburbs, and was some distance on his way, when he fell in with a sort of camp, composed of Christians, Mamelukes, and deserters from the caliph's service, who were burning for insurrection, with different views, but all tending to the same point, namely, the overthrow of the present system which governed Cairo. The Christians, he said, were ripe to resent their late injuries and insults, and the wrongs of the good Selinus, who was now outlawed by a decree of the caliph—the Mamelukes were high in resentment for insults and cruelties practised so long and so unwarrantably upon them—the sober and thinking part of the soldiery were become ashamed to see the power of the caliph abused and mocked by upstarts, created hourly by the influence of Sebastian, whom it was plain to be perceived had aimed, in despite of laws civil or religious, at the government of

Cairo, and to place himself on the caliph's throne—" Besides," he continued, " the Mamelukes have lately had information from their friends at Thebes, that the caliph Osmar is still alive, and they are now bringing all their strength together, to endeavour to reinstate him, or some other of their sect, although near twenty years have elapsed since a rebellion placed Elmuton on the throne, and Osmar was supposed to be murdered in his summer palace on the banks of the Nile, by the secret orders of the present caliph."

Kilrest informed them he met the caravan which was passing from Thebes to Cairo, and could learn little but that it bore some supplies to Elmuton, which he had borrowed, and was wofully in need of; and that the passengers were mostly Mamelukes in various disguises, making their way to their friends at Cairo, and to be in readiness to give their assistance; while others were hourly dropping down the Nile to prevent suspicion. He then told them it was his intention to collect all the

force he could from the tribe, and descend on Cairo, to render aid on the instant, for that was the only method to preserve Orinda, and in which opinion he had been joined by many Christians at their camp, and to whom he communicated the safety of their respected Selinus and the discarded prince, and they would now be anxiously awaiting their arrival; and as for Orinda, he had no fear for her safety, provided they were expeditious, as the laws of Cairo forbid the caliph putting a Christian female to death; but this was intended to be evaded by the sentence which was passed on her, as the tortures she was doomed to endure were intended to draw a confession from her how she came possessed of the state jewels; for should it come to the sultan's knowledge Elmuton had sold them, his head would surely answer for it.

When this curious king of the ravine entered the cavern, he was greeted by his fellows as a king beloved by his subjects; yet when his mishap was known, and the

fate of Grinda, with the proposals how to rescue her, each man of the tribe was eager to shew his willingness for the enterprise to follow the fortunes of their chief, and hazard their lives in the attempt.

In the hurry, consternation, and anxiety of the time, the distressing accident of Oscar was neglected to be told to Kilrest, and when he inquired for his *protégé*, which he did when the first transports were subsided, each felt ashamed at his neglect; but when the interview took place between this curious mixture of good and ill and his poor wounded boy, the scene was truly affecting, and would have honoured a king who ruled the proudest empire in the world. Kilrest leant over him and wept, like a fond mother over the deathbed of a favourite child, and with real and tender solicitude bewailed his misfortune. He then carefully examined the nature of the wound, and what had been applied to it, all which seemed perfectly to his satisfaction, and with pleasure perceived it to

be fast healing; he then prayed in an unsophisticated, humble, and simple manner; but it was a prayer which came from the heart, and shewed the man, with all his faults, follies, and imperfections, was not wholly lost to the comforts of religion; nor did he for the remainder of the evening remove from his bedside, but took his refreshment and gave his orders there.

When he was informed the recluses of the dell were most anxious for his return, and requested to be made known on the instant with it, Kilrest paused for a moment, and seemed much surprised—then commanded a posse of men to wait on them, and bring them to the ruins without delay; this order was soon put into execution, and several gipsies departed as an escort.

In the mean time, previous to the arrival of the hermits, much business was entered upon, tending to their hasty departure, and the necessity of expedition; all hands were busy in preparing for the descent from the ruins, which was intended

should take place as soon as the necessary preparations could be made.

As soon as Ishmaud and Kesto entered the cavern, the latter approached Selinus, and gave the usual salutation of the Ottoman, but yet in so fervent a manner, the merchant felt much surprised, as Kesto had ever been reserved and even morose towards him. Ishmaud gave only the sign of acknowledgment to the Christians, and passed on to the couch of Oscar, where Kilrest was still seated: the poor youth had dropped asleep; Kesto joined them, and in a few minutes Ishmaud, Kesto, and Kilrest, retired to a secluded part of the cavern—they remained in long and earnest confabulation.

Selinus was a man experienced in the world, and scrutinously observed their demeanour, and by the faint light of the lamp, discovered Kesto and Kilrest frequently to turn their eyes upon the spot where himself and Felix sat. He became rather alarmed. Felix caught the impulse—they joined hands, but spoke not.

The thought of deceit and robbery now forcibly struck them; Kilrest had ever been a desperate cunning character; Selinus had still property of much value in his possession; Orinda had not been restored—most likely the jewels they sought at Cairo had been regained, as Kilrest had said and acknowledged, but the poor unfortunate Orinda had fallen a sacrifice to the gipsy's craft and villainy—perhaps the two mysterious hermits were but vile partners in the deception and fraud, and most likely the youth Oscar was imposed on him the better to answer their purposes; yet the private mark he bore on his temple cancelled that idea; and the vile tricks of the gipsies were surmountable to common honesty in all respects: perchance the trio were now in consultation how to dispatch them, and in what manner to take their lives, and dispose of the property. Such were the thoughts of the Christians, yet they communicated them not to each other.

At length they all three broke off their

conversation, and joined Selinus and Felix. The chief of the gipsies seemed in deep cogitation, and for a time all was silent. At length Kilrest, addressing himself to Kesto, said, in rather a discomposed voice—"Kesto, it must not be so—the merchant must know this business, or I do it not."

Ishmaud then stepped forward, and replied—"Kilrest, let us retire with the merchant a while."

Selinus was now truly alarmed at this mysterious behaviour, and answered with some warmth—"I will not retire from this place. If thou hast aught to say to me, say it openly—I will hear nothing without Felix joins in the communication."

The gipsy then in a softened voice said —"My good and worthy Christian, I have just learnt somewhat of the mystery which hangs over the fate of these two solitary men; something they have developed, yet nothing explanatory. Be not you alarmed, good Selinus; I perceive your anx-

iety; this is not the place for me to practise cunning and mystery—it would not answer my ends, nor with you do I wish it. I am requested to send, or rather go myself, across the country onwards to the Nile, there to stop a certain person in his progress to Cairo, who is from Thebes; I cannot do it; I have registered my oath at Cairo to return as soon as possible, and rescue Orinda; I must—I will do it, or die in the attempt!"

After this a silence and sort of apathy reigned for a time, when Kilrest continued—" Ishmaud and Kesto, your wish can yet be complied with, without my forfeiting my oath, and all ends be answered, and that on the instant: if you will indite a scroll, my old and faithful companion here shall, with two others, hence and fulfil thy commission as faithfully as myself."

He then called to the ancient gipsy whom we have before spoken of, and introduced him to the notice of the hermits. After a little consultation among them,

it seemed to be agreed on, and soon a scroll was filled by Ishmaud, sealed, and dispatched by three gipsies, who took the same number of mules, and which was their whole stock, save the one which had brought Kilrest from Cairo; yet nothing could the Christians learn further than what passed in the prior part of the conversation.

The topic now was their departure from the ravine: Oscar it was impossible to remove in his present state; besides he would be more hindrance than help—he must therefore perforce be left behind; yet there was a danger attending that, for should these rascally Arabs return on this side the desert and find the tribe absent, there was very little doubt but they would ransack the ruins, and vent their horrible revenge on those whom they should find therein; for the seignior of the caravansary had informed Kilrest, when he paid his last visit there prior to his going to Cairo, that the Arabs had at departing vowed to revenge the death of the two of their race

whom they found half consumed so near the ravine, and which they fully believed to be the dreadful work of the gang in the ruins; it was therefore agreed to remove him to the abode of Ishmaud in the solitary dell, until the object of their expedition should be gained.

Kesto then made known his intention of accompanying them, and giving his assistance in the insurrection. It was then determined to send forthwith for the seignior of the caravansary, and consult with him for the providing of what mules and horses he could procure for the journey and undertaking.

Selinus instantly offered his wealth for the indemnification, which the cunning gipsy at once begged him to decline, and remain silent on that head, leaving the whole matter for him to adjust—"For," said this knowing king very significantly, "this same host of the caravansary, you must know, is as great a rogue as I am; and if the knowledge of your riches was to come to his understanding, there would be no

end to his demands, for if he had any conscience, it was a complete circle and no end to it."

A gipsy was then dispatched for this important personage, and to bring him back on the instant to the ruins.

As all affairs seemed to be going on right, his majesty of the cavern betook him to rest until the arrival of "mine host" of the caravansary. The grey aspect of morn began to spread over the east ere the man of accommodation arrived, when the news he brought caused a terrible and perplexing consternation to all parties assembled in the cavern, for in the course of the night the fearful band of Arabs had returned from the yellow desert in high dudgeon, and quite as poor as when they last left it; the caravan which they intended to have attacked and plundered proved too powerful for their strength, and kept in such close order in travel as precluded all possibility of robbery. The seignior would have refused the poor disappointed devils accommoda-

tion had they not demeaned themselves rather desperately, and which frightened him into a compliance; they also, he continued, intended to make an assault on the ruins, not so much for the sake of plunder, but to take revenge for the many injuries they had received at the hands of the gipsies of Kilrest's gang.

This was alarming information, and at so particular a juncture most unfortunate, as it would mar the expedition, and put his majesty quite at his wit's end; Kilrest well knew the Arabs would not be long in putting their threat into execution, as their poverty was a powerful stimulus to their desperation, and as nothing of consequence was known to be on the road, it was probable the coming day would not be allowed to pass ere they paid the projected visit. The gipsies were not afraid of the Arabs, had they double their strength, in the attack on the ruins, the fastnesses of which, and the obstacles they could throw in the way of the besiegers, making them in a manner impregnable, and

the stratagems used by the gipsies were always sure to prove successful, the superstitious Arabs invariably returning from their hostile endeavours from the ravine in discomfiture, and often with the loss of some of their companions; but at this time to besiege the ruins was truly unfortunate, and there appeared no remedy to prevent it. Many projects were proposed, but none seemed to hit the mark. At length Ishmaud inquired if the Arabs were acquainted with the distracted state of Cairo, and that an insurrection was shortly to be feared?

The seignior of the caravansary answered he did not believe they were.

Ishmaud then advised, as the only plan to get rid of them from their neighbourhood, to inform them of it, and as the ambidexterity of these marauding tribes was so well known, most likely they would away to the vicinity of the city, in expectation of being engaged either by one party or the other.

This proposal seemed to give general satisfaction, except to Kilrest, who remained mute, and deeply in thought. At length he started on his legs, and in a transport exclaimed—"I have it—I have hit it! by the beauty of Mahomet's white mule, I have it!" He then turned suddenly on the host of the caravansary—and by the bye it is quite time we introduced him by his name, which was Blusterious—and continued—"Now, seignior, as you and I have long been neighbours and tolerable good friends, do let us once in our lives have one honest dealing."

Blusterious answered—"Why, neighbour Kilrest, we have most certainly had much dealing together; but about honesty—it is a commodity so strange to you and I, that I don't know I ever heard you name it before, and I am sure it was never thought of when you and I dealt, for if I buy of you, I am sure to be taken in, and if you purchase from me and are deceived, why then the fault is not mine, nor do I think that ever happened."

"Well, well," said Kilrest, "a truce to our bickerings about honesty, seignior Blusterious; in the matter now coming before us, let us have plain dealing, and all will be right. You know I am just returned from Cairo, where I have been on most urgent business, and was for some time in the presence of, and had a great deal of conversation with, the great caliph Elmuton, the purport of which you may guess, when I inform you I am again going to the city with all the force I can take with me, and must have what horses and mules you can spare immediately for the expedition, and as an indemnity for them, shall give you down a hundred broad gold pieces."

The gipsy then took from a certain part of his dress which shall be nameless, a bag, containing the number specified; at the sight of which Blusterious started, as though the spectre of Mahomet had appeared before him, and the first words he uttered were—"The prophet glorify El-

muton and long may he reign, to the discomfiture of his enemies! say I; and may you and your gallant band be the means of his doing so! Seignior Kilrest, I will haste away on the instant, and make every preparation needful for your expedition."

Kilrest bade him stay a while, as he had more business for him. The gipsy then led Selinus and Felix forward, who had remained in the background since the entrance of seignior Blusterious to the cavern, and who was wholly ignorant of their being in the ruins, and whom the queer king thus introduced—"Friend Blusterious, these two seigniors you perceive are Christians by their garb, and are merchants, whom the caliph El-muton has somehow or other offended, and whom I found here awaiting most anxiously my return, and would fain engage me and my party in their interest, in the affray which is likely to happen between the viceroy and their sect. Now as I have solemnly pledged myself, and

intend to be at the castle of Cairo by a certain time, perforce I cannot serve them. Such being the case, I will engage to say this same merchant will give down on the instant twenty broad pieces of gold, as hire to these rascally Arabs, if they will lend themselves to his assistance, and proceed instantly by the high caravan route toward Grand Cairo, and halt on the little plain beside the burying-ground, where they will be met by this same merchant, the night after the coming one, and where they will also find a small camp of the seditious, when the remainder of the wages for their services shall be paid down, making the amount one hundred broad pieces of the same kind as this earnest."

Selinus in an instant understood the gipsy's meaning perfectly, and paid over the sum proposed.

Blusterious caught at the proposal with alacrity, and soon made himself master of the gold, at the same time saying he should take especial good care to deduct what the Arabs were indebted to him, and there

was no doubt the marauders would cheerfully assent to the proposal, as their present poverty was distressing, and who won or who lost in the affray was immaterial to them; the pay was liberal, and the hope of plunder would make them fight like devils, even was it against their own brethren; besides it was the custom of these tribes to contend for the master who paid them best. They had often received the hire of Elmuton, and knew his terms; but they now would cheerfully act against him, and concluded by wishing the Christians every success. He expressed his willingness at any time to become their agent, in whatever affair they might be pleased to employ him.

A bowl of strongly-spiced milk sealed the contract, and he was departing with a heavy purse and a light heart, when Kilrest cautioned him not to commence preparation on his account till the infernal Arabs were clearly departed, and had proceeded on the high road to Cairo. All being perfectly understood between the

parties in the cavern, seignior Blusterious made the best of his way back to the caravansary.

Our host had no sooner left the cavern, than the stratagem of this cunning king of contrivance was hailed as the very acme of schemes, by which they added strength to their forces, and ridded themselves of a domestic enemy; and as to their meeting in the field of action, it was considered of no consequence, as there all private pique was set at nought for the time, and the object of their employer only looked to.

In the course of a shorter period than could be expected, the spies on the heights observed the band of Arabs to be on the move in the road towards the ruins. All hearts palpitated lest Blusterious should play them foul, and they were coming to make their proposed attack on the ruins. Every precaution was speedily taken, in case it should prove so in the sequel; the avenues were blocked—the tame serpents loosed in the dark entrances — trained wolves secured in the passages, and the

savage wolf-dogs got in readiness—while old and frightful mummies were scattered here and there, to scare the superstitious Arabs; but as it happened, they passed through the ravine, and besieged the ruins only with curses and invective, vowing revenge on the inmates when they should return from their rebellious enterprise.

All was thus far safe and well. Several gipsies were then dispatched to observe the route of the Arabs, and soon was their usual distant signal given that all was well and right. Kilrest was in high spirits, and sent others off to assist in bringing supplies of horses and mules from the caravansary.

In the mean time it was determined Ishmaud should remain at the cavern, now all was safe, with Oscar and the women. This gave general satisfaction; and the host Blusterious and the gipsies arrived with the troop. Little ceremony was used at parting, save with Oscar, Selinus, and Felix; but the cheering prospect of again soon meeting, and in hap-

pier circumstances, checked the ebullitions which might otherwise accrue.

Ishmaud whispered Selinus, and bade him to be careful of the sealed scroll he had intrusted him with in the dell some few days since, and which was directed to a person of some consequence at Thebes; circumstances having now changed, peradventure he might meet him at Cairo; if he should not do so, and any ill should befall him, he might then read the contents, and destroy the parchment. The old man then gave his blessing on them and their endeavours, and the gang departed in high spirits, on the least frequented, although by far the most difficult but much the nearest route to Grand Cairo.

Every search was made after Sadak and Zoa, but in vain, so secret were they kept by the Mamelukes, who almost reverenced them for the service they had rendered them in preserving the key of the castle. The riches too produced from the costly ornaments of Elmuton were of

essential service in the present emergency; and in despite of the large rewards which were offered for their apprehension, still their preservers were generous in their charge, and they remained in perfect happiness and security.

Elmuton acted like a madman; he was duped, even threatened, by the creatures in power of his own creation, while the adherents to the Sebastian system were insolent and base to the greatest degree; and so impolitic was he, that the head of the late commander was exposed on the most degrading height of the city, which served only to irritate his partisans, and fan the flame of resentment. The caliph too had given orders for the death of Orinda, but was dissuaded by Monrod, Nulac, and Tabel, from having them put into execution, lest it should the more enrage the Christians; and most urgent was he that she should make some disclosures, by which he might make it appear to the world she had purloined the jewels, which were only pawned to Selinus, as he

would wish it to appear, although he had inadvertently in his first rage said he had sold them to the cunning merchant—the consequence of which he was well aware, should it come to the sultan's ear, would be his instant death; Orinda was therefore suffered to live, and placed in the entire care of the *prudent* Tabel.

This was most fortunate for her, as her wants were now but few, save liberty and Felix; and that most likely would have been connived at, but that the head of the little dwarf would have answered it; and well he foresaw many hours would not transpire before a rebellion broke out, which was rapidly growing to a head both in and outside of the castle; then her liberation could be effected with less hazard. The caravan had arrived from Thebes, and added many mysterious strangers to the city, nor had it brought supplies to the magnitude Elmuton anticipated, and so much needed. The public coffers were become so low, the soldiers were murmuring for pay, which was wofully in arrears,

nor could they now be duped by promises as when Sebastian commanded. Promotion among the officers was little looked after, as few of the natives possessed the daring spirit of the late commander, which enabled them to enrich themselves with spoil and exaction. Taxes were levied in vain; the citizens were unable to pay, or found some subterfuge to put off the payment, thinking a civil commotion might cancel the whole. Traffic was fast diminishing; what ships arrived, as soon as they were informed of what was stirring, and the troubled state of the community, took their departure for another destination.

CHAPTER VII.



—————— What is the world to them—
Its pomps, its pleasures, and its nonsense all,
Who in each other clasp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and lavish hearts can wish?

THOMSON.

In the rage and consternation of Elmuton when he took possession of the jewels found on Orinda, they somehow or other were missing. The extraordinary death of Sebastian happening at the same moment, with such strange multiplied events combining, so confounded the viceroy, it was supposed he must have deposited them in some secure place, but where, the perturbation of his spirits, and the perplexing state of affairs preying on his mind, had driven wholly from his memory. That he had them in his own custody when he departed from the minor court,

where Orinda and Kilrest were examined, was perfectly recollected by many of the officers. Seignior Tabel could take upon him to swear, even by the waistband of the prophet, he saw the casket safe in the hand of the most high caliph, as he crossed the court-yard leading to the grand staircase, which is the principal entrance to the apartments of state in the palace, and where so many officers and men are at all times congregated. Nor did the outcry commence after them until three days after the caravan had arrived, when Elmuton learnt his disappointment in his expectations to the amount he wished for. It was then the thought struck him of making use of the recovered jewels, and turning them again into cash for his present emergencies. The castle and harem were ransacked for them, high and low; not a corner was left unexplored where it was likely the caliph had been.

So vigilant was seignior Tabel in the search, that every dirty hole, be of whatsoever nature the filth he had to rake in, was

diligently sought, and often, in his energy for the service of his high master, would he forget the nasty plight he was in, and enter the sublime presence more like a nightman than an officer of state. Various were the suspicions and conjectures, yet on no one could the accusation of theft be laid strong enough to criminate.

All this certainly added much to the discomfiture of Elmuton, and among the credulous a confirmation of the power of the wonderful magician and his gifted Christian, whom they made no doubt, with the assistance of their supernatural agents, had regained possession of the mystical box with the charmed seal.

Much inquiry was made as to who had witnessed the departure of the learned stranger in the necromantic robe, after the imprisonment of his *protégé*, and which road he had taken from the castle or city. You and I, reader, are in that secret; but none else about the castle save Tabel and Monrod, and they for certain reasons remained silent on the subject; for with a

little assistance of the cunning dwarf, it will be recollected he took his departure from Grand Cairo as Kilrest the gipsy, with a pack on his back, in which was deposited his heavenly robe, &c., which he could on no account part with.

The first inquiry on the mornings, among the weak and ignorant, were if the gifted Christian was still in confinement; for not a night passed but it was expected by many that the dark tower would be shivered, and the prisoner be carried off by the same means the curious box was, for all hope of again recovering that had vanished; and the death of Sebastian being of so horrible a nature, was also attributed to the power and influence of the necromancer by the weak minded of his party.

The apathy of Elmuton encouraged the seditious; he was informed of the gathering on the little plain beside the burying-ground, and although at so short a distance from the city, yet they remained unmolested, and no order given to disperse

them, or at least no desire to that effect manifested by the soldiery. Strange vessels were lying in the Nile, and attempted not to land their cargo; nor were they questioned as to the nature of their visit to Cairo.

The ship which Selinus intended to take his departure in, with his family and friends, on the night Felix's apostacy was discovered, and the cruel sentence passed on him put into execution, had only dropped down the river, at no considerable distance, and there remained in expectation of the seignior merchant's return.

After the gipsy chief had left the ruins in the ravine with his auxiliary force, they travelled with all speed imaginable in unfrequented roads, which enabled them to reach their destination much before the Arabs, who had their time of appointment specified in their agreement. The party of Kilrest were greeted as friends to the common cause, and his motley majesty was much pleased to find the number of insurgents so increased since he last left

them; deserters from the caliph's forces, as well as citizens, continued hourly to arrive, and who gave the information Orinda was still alive.

This was cheering news both to Selinus and Felix, who were nigh dead with apprehension for her safety.

Kilrest at the closing of the second day after their departure from the ravine was about to address himself to a meeting of the heads of the insurgents, when the camp was interrupted by the arrival of Selinus's Arabs, as they were now called, and being considered as soldiers in the Christians' pay. The chief ambidexter, the captain of the banditti, was immediately summoned to the principal rendezvous, where further preliminaries were entered into between the *ci-devant* merchant and himself, on behalf of his troop for their services, and took his station in the consultation accordingly. But when the eye of the Arab chief and that of the gipsy chief met, it was visible there was no great concord in their hearts, for they looked

like two surly dogs, which no oftener meet than they fight; but as the concern now was not private pique, no further notice of domestic bickerings took place.

It was proposed by Kilrest that he would enter the city in his habit as the necromancer, which his foresight had prepared for that purpose, and shew himself among the weak and common sort, and fill them with dread in the vengeances he would denounce, if the gifted Christian confined in the dark tower was not liberated, and what horrors should await Cairo if they stirred to oppose his wish, or lent their aid in refutation to his claim.

This was agreed to by all, who, since they had been made acquainted who the gifted Christian and the mighty necromancer were, no longer feared their supernatural power. Selinus had made himself known to the whole camp, from the first moment of his entry, and was hailed friend by all. Felix, who had travelled in the habit of a gipsy, next introduced himself to their notice, the most of whom

loved and pitied him. Kesto had made himself known to but few, and these few Mamelukes, who seemed, in a mysterious sort of manner, to almost adore him as a divinity.

Kilrest, fully attired in his heavenly robe and cap, which was in appearance like the wishing-cap of the renowned Fortunatus, took his departure, accompanied by a few sturdy and well-tried gipsies, who were to remain as near him as consistent with policy, but to be considered only as idle spectators, or to practise their cunning as circumstances should transpire, but really for the purpose to protect their master from insult or personal danger. Spies of gipsies were also stationed on the road, in various disguises; some lame and some blind, at useful distances, that they might convey intelligence by means of their small shrill horn, if danger or an opportunity for the bubble to burst presented itself, when the whole camp was to sally forth in expeditious adventure. Several Mamelukes proposed to steal into

the city and to the water-side, to put their friends on the alert.

These doings were well digested and put into execution. The reconnoitring party had been absent two hours—the great gong from the mosque had ceased to fill the air with its monotony—the night was dark, that is for this climate—the mist began to rise, the dew to fall, and nature reviving from the torrid heat of day, some of the Mameluke scouts had returned to join the main body, and brought cheering intelligence from their friends.

Presently Kilrest was seen in his gipsy's garb only, for he had doffed his heavenly attire for convenience of speed, to enter the camp puffing and blowing like a pursued pickpocket. He called for his mule in haste—the command became general to mount, and all to prepare for the onset. It seems this mighty man of the stars no sooner made his appearance where a few or many were congregated, than some fell on their knees before him, others ran away from his power, scared as though

the Zodiac was really on fire, and he made time to discover the lower part of the town was in a strange consternation.

The whole body now rushed onward to the city, in open hostile array; the citadel became alarmed at the hubbub, the gates of the castle were closed, the ramparts manned, the gongs sounded, the trumpets' brazen throats called to arms, and instantly all became a universal tumult. The vessels on the heaving bosom of the Nile disgorged their animated cargoes, regular troops of Mamelukes filled the dusty streets to suffocation, through which they passed on to the grand square, the appointed place of meeting. The inhabitants joined in the tumult, or remained locked in their habitations, while the principal mutineers harangued the populace in different parts of the town, and stimulated them to unite their power and crush tyranny.

The forces without the castle drew themselves in battle array, but no order was given to disperse the rebels, and quell

the head of rebellion, or at least none such was attended to. Elmuton was execrated as a common thief, the supporter of infidels, or as an enemy to the true faith, just as the spirit of party dictated. The castle was reconnoitred, and the besieged within shewed a strong disposition to resistance: indeed it was in vain to attempt to carry the fortifications by storm, so strongly were they defended by nature as well as art. A parley was sounded by the rebellious, but no notice or answer was given to it by the besieged; a smart skirmish took place in one part, between some soldiers of the viceroy's and a body of Mamelukes, in which the latter were worsted, owing to the disparity of numbers and the superior situation of the caliph's men. The Mamelukes were forced to retire, yet the successful party followed not up their advantage. The Arabs were in desperate energy for the combat, but were kept in subjection by the discretion of the Christians.

The night passed without any thing

being done of consequence. The day again broke; another parley was demanded, even at the very gates. It was granted, and Nulac now appeared on the wall, as the principal officer of Elmuton, and to receive the proposals of the insurgents.

Here a terrible difference of opinion pervaded the different tribes of the assailants. Selinus demanded, in the name of the Christians, the liberation of the gifted boy, as Kilrest still insisted on Orinda's being called, for should it become known to Elmuton she was the wife of his discarded son, and in his custody too, her death would no doubt be the issue; the citizens insisted on the heavy exactions and arrears of taxes being taken off; while the Mamelukes would hear of no reconciliation taking place until the head of Elmuton, the cruel tyrant, graced the highest pinnacle in Cairo. Thus all was confusion, and no one point gained.

This day passed in commotion only; but still the rebellious party increased hourly. There was little chance of making

themselves masters of the castle but by stratagem. A consultation of the chiefs was summoned. Sadak was introduced, and the assemblage made known with the means of his escape, and the fortunate key of the little gate produced.

This was hailed auspicious by all; and it was resolved the greatest strength should be mustered on the opposite side of the rock, and the appearance of an assault made, to cause a diversion, and engage the strength within the castle at one point, while a body of picked and resolute men should make a rush through the gateway, where this same key led, and possess themselves of this part of the interior. Accordingly some out of each tribe were selected; among which were Selinus, Felix, Kilrest, Kesto, Sadak, and others, to the amount of about fifty.

Night was suffered to fall, when a dreadful assault was made on the side appointed, while the chosen few ascended the heights in the opposite direction, who

bore down the guard before them, and soon made themselves masters of the lucky entrance, where Sadak made his escape with Zoa.

When this entrance was gained, another and stubborn obstacle presented itself, to impede the progress. We have before said this court-yard was surrounded by lofty buildings, and the only passage into it from the castle was through the guard-room. The great gate leading to the interior was closed, such being the usual practice at sunset.

The guard in the court no sooner beheld the proceeding of the besieging party, than they flew to the guard-room, and secured the heavy and ponderous door. Thus their so far successful enterprise was cut off, and all communication on this side to the castle seemed precluded. The assailants were armed only with light weapons, and it was but a waste of time to attempt to force an entrance there.

A distressing suspense followed for a short space. The strongly-latticed win-

dow of Zoa's late chamber caught the eye of Sadak; many ideas flashed across his mind with the rapidity of lightning. He once had easily gained that height; his beloved Zoa had descended from it without injury, released him from the dark dungeon before him, and they had made good their escape by the same gate, and with the same key which had now given them entrance to the court, but no further.

Sadak communicated the thought of forcing a passage through the chamber, and thus gaining the harem, to Kilrest. It was caught at as favourable and practicable. With alacrity his ragged majesty commanded the assistance of two or three strong men, was hoisted high enough to reach the trellis with his hands, and the next moment he clung like a chamois to the bars of the window. A strong sword was instantly handed to him, and soon by his powerful strength those obstacles were removed, and the closed casement the

only obstruction: presently the successful gipsy from within the chamber encouraged his companions to follow.

Sadak unfurled the scarf which formed his turban, and it was applied to the use it once had been before; thus an easy access was gained, and soon the united body of desperate adventurers filled the splendid chamber of Elmuton's favourite mistress.

A short consultation was now held, as to which way they should proceed—at once to enter the interior of the palace by the passage leading from this chamber, or descend by the balcony of the other window, and cut across the garden of the harem, to the assistance of their comrades in the opposite direction.

The latter proposal was considered the most prudent expedient, their numbers being too scanty to brave the danger of Elmuton's body guard in his own apartments. They therefore hastened from the open balcony, and were securely in the gardens. A precipitate movement now

took place up the avenue, past the *Vestibule of the Waters*, and they soon gained the wall over which Sadak escaped after his first interview with and discovery of Zoa. A few sentries only were in the court below. The same wall was now scaled as had formerly been by Sadak; and soon were they in the identical spot and beneath the same wall where the Pagan had overheard the plotting between Sebastian and Saldan, to take the life of the caliph and the veteran Monrod, and thus overthrow the state of Cairo.

The alarmed guardsmen soon yielded to the superior force of the desperate adventurers, and they next possessed themselves of the gate leading to the outer works. The nearer they approached to danger, the more desperate they became. Selinus and Felix fought for the life of Orinda, the wife and child beloved—Sadak for freedom and the love of Zoa—the Mamelukes for their rights and liberties—the gipsies and Arabs for pelf; with these

strong stimulatives, the chosen few rushed like tigers upon their foes.

This rear and unexpected advancement of the enemy put the soldiers of Elmuton into terrible consternation. The wide portal of the principal gate was before them in view; the attack on the surprised soldiers was but momentary. Nulac here had the command; Felix presented himself to him—he was recognised, and Nulac astounded; nor would he lift his arm against his late young master, whom he loved with parental affection.

Kilrest with a dreadful blow severed the arm of a trumpeter from his body; the instrument fell to the ground with the lopped member; the cunning gipsy seized it, and blew a long and loud retreat. The terrified and amazed Mussulmen scampered in disorder from their quarters; and in an instant the wide and spacious gateway invited the besiegers to enter the confines of the caliph's castle.

Now the deafening shouts of the thus-far victorious army rent the air, until the vast

concave of the heavens swallowed the din; now every avenue leading to the viceroy's abode was thronged with his enemies; lights flashed through every apperture, and all within seemed horrible and terrific confusion; each man was dismounted and rushing forward. Felix, Selinus, and Kilrest exclaimed "Orinda and the dark tower!" while the furious Mamelukes exclaimed "Down with the arch-traitor Elmuton!"

The dark tower was sought by one party; the great court-yard of the castle was filled; the magazine was at hand, on the corner of which the prison of Orinda was situated, and the hearts of the Christians palpitated as they viewed the dark and sullen-looking tower.

Monrod had so far recovered his wounds as to be about in the galleries and balconies of the castle to witness the affray. He saw the danger of his master, and was seeking him out to warn him, when he met the mighty seignior Tabel, puffing and blowing like a rhinoceros in a flood,

running from one part to the other, where there was no immediate danger, brandishing a huge sword, as much as he could wield, or at times dragging it after him with fatigue. He was questioned by the maimed old soldier as to the safety of Elmuton.

All the information he could give was, he had seen him some short time since sitting like a statue in one of the balconies which overhung the flat roof of the magazine, with fixed eyes glaring horribly on the prison-place of Orinda; for he had by some means or other learnt the gifted Christian was the wife of Felix—the great necromancer, the renowned gipsy, Kilrest of the ravine; and that his son was in the outrage, advancing against him. He had been apprized of his danger, and the outworks being taken by the rebels. Several of his officers had already persuaded him to fly, and save himself from the impending and threatening storm; but he remained immoveable as the great pyramid, and nothing they could say seemed to

make any impression on him, and only on the dark tower, did his thoughts, as were his eyes, seem fixed.

'Thus ran on the little sputtering dwarf, when Monrod bade him keep out of the way of his fearful master—"For presently," continued the veteran, "will he break like the furious and pent up-hyena—then dreadful would be the fate of those who came within his direful rage."

The poor old soldier then, in a voice of authority, commanded Tabel to proceed immediately to the dark tower, and release Orinda, for the fate of Elmuton would soon be decided, and no ill would further accrue from his resentment. He further bade him rely on the generosity of the Christians for his reward and his own preservation; thus would he make sure of safety, and profit by this rebellion.

These were strong inducements to the strange little creature, and fixed his wavering determination in this predicament, and overcame every obstacle which lurked

in his trembling bosom, and hushed his fear. He threw his large cimeter across his shoulder, and descended to fulfil the orders of his superior officer.

The passage to the prison of Orinda was a sort of railed gallery, which was immediately on the top of the outside wall of the magazine. For the better expedition of his purpose, our dwarf had bestrode a balcony, and was crossing the roof, making the best of his way to the prison. He had gained the gallery, and hailed the Christians in the court below, preparing them to receive himself and Orinda into their protection, as he was about to restore the wife of Felix to his arms, at the same time holding the ponderous key with much self-consequence far above his head.

At this moment an attendant was seen to approach Elmuton, who had been descried in a distant balcony by many of the soldiers, and awoke to a sense of his danger by the curses, execrations, and threatenings, with which he was assailed. The caliph saw Tabel in his passage to the

tower, and starting like a mad panther, snatched the burning flambeau from the attendant soldier, and leaped from the balcony on to the roof of the magazine. In the centre was an opening by which they descended into the interior.

The now frantic Elmuton gave a ghastly gaze on his foes below, uttered a Satanic sort of daring laugh, and disappeared down the staircase into the magazine. Presently a dreadful and appalling explosion took place, which stunned the surrounding multitude; many of the neighbouring parapets and light buildings were overturned, and fell with a horrid crash; part of the roof of the magazine was blown into the air; the wall where the railing was fixed on which Tabel stood was overthrown, and the dwarf hurled with the ruins into the court-yard below, among the soldiery of the rebel army. The various gongs vibrated with the concussion—the heavy and brilliant chandeliers in the apartments of the castle and palace swung to and fro, or were broken from their sock-

ets—the very rock on which the castle stood, the grand and holy mosque, with the principal buildings in the city, trembled amain—the atmosphere was made thick and dark by the heavy rising columns of smoke, and the starry face of the heavens was bedimmed by the ascending vapour—the waters of the Nile were for a moment convulsed, and heaved the vessels riding on its bosom; Nature for a time seemed astounded, and suspended her functions—many soldiers were precipitated from the turrets, and the lofty crescents shook in the troubled air—those in the great court and immediate vicinity of the combustion were thrown prostrate, or staggered almost to falling, while the four-footed animals quaked with affright.

When the shock had somewhat passed, and the consternation subsided, the thick clouds of dust and smoke evaporated, men were discovered locked in each other's arms, or prostrate on the ground, covering their faces for fear.

Kilrest was standing near Selinus and

Felix, who were thrown on the earth with the force of the explosion; their whole party were assembled near the spot. The gipsy chief was the first who seemed to regain his reason and senses; he looked around him—all appeared annihilated and inanimate; he blew a loud blast upon the trumpet—it sounded in the ears of some as the *last trump*, and as the hour of creation was at a close; he blew another—it had the desired effect, and aroused the terrified group.

Poor old Monrod was presently at his elbow; he had witnessed the effect of the last rage of Elmuton, and was in great agitation for the safety of those he loved and respected.

Selinus and Felix gave symptoms of returning life. The ready-witted gipsy, the better to enforce the state of their situation on them, vociferated the name of Orinda! this acted on their wavering senses like a shock of electricity—all eyes were turned on the dark tower; it was in part shivered—the flames now began to

arise from the ruins, and cast a brilliant light around, and display the horrors of the catastrophe; each particular object was visible—near the fatal tower was the blaze the strongest.

Kilrest loudly exclaimed in an agonized voice, at the same time endeavouring to gain the ruins—"Oh, holy prophet! Orinda! Orinda!—I see Orinda!"

Each gaze now was fixed there: the inner wall of the tower next the magazine had fallen with the concussion; the hapless female was resting on her mat, which was placed on a large stone, secured in the outer wall, and thus remained in a senseless state. The flames were gathering in that part violently and rapidly; they had nearly reached the part where Orinda lay—she was not seen to move.

The venturous gipsy and some followers braved every danger of fire, and threatening tottering ruins; they reached the dilapidated prison-place, rushing impetuously through the rising element. A loud shout was heard—Selinus and Felix stood

aghast in trembling fear; Orinda was rescued, and in an instant the daring Kilrest bore her through the perils which surrounded him. Sadak was his chief assistant: help was offered, and soon was the seeming dead Orinda lowered into the court, and clasped to the bosom of her husband and father.

All hostile proceedings seemed now at an end; the Mamelukes took entire possession and command of the castle and fortifications of Grand Cairo. Orinda, at the suggestion of Monrod, was removed to his chamber, which was near at hand, and opened into the court-yard where they were.

Kilrest dispatched a gipsy for his saddle-bags, in which were deposited restoratives and various solutions for wounds, bruises, or diseases, which frail mortality is subject to. These were soon delivered to him; the still inanimate and senseless Orinda was placed on a couch, and phlebotomized by the skilful Kilrest. His art

soon restored her, and once more she beheld her husband and father in safety.

The transports of the trio cannot be described; but in the midst of all this felicity Kilrest was not unmindful of another object of his commiseration, and which might perhaps stand in need of his assistance—this was the unfortunate and blown-up little Tabel. In the consternation he had been wholly neglected, and perchance disregarded; Monrod and Kilrest left the happy Christians, and sought the dwarf, to discover if mortal aid would be of any service to him, or with the shock of the magazine this curious being was hurled to eternity.

The poor little wretch was found half smothered in dust and ruins; he was presently extricated from his predicament, and presented a pitiable spectacle; his odd-formed face was blackened with dust and smoke; his large tongue obtruded itself, and his little pigmy eyes, half-closed, and flowing with rheum; he breathed, but was totally insensible; his limbs dropped as if

newly dead, and his pulsation was so weak as to be scarcely perceptible. Each one who knew him looked with pity on his plight, and although he was never loved or hated in his life, still a spark of commiseration shewed itself in all who now beheld him, and deplored his untimely exit at the very moment too when he was about to enact the best scene of his life, for it was not supposed he could survive, no, not even by the learned and skilful Kilrest, the *ci-devant* necromancer himself.

Monrod insisted he should be conveyed to his chamber, and no pains spared to preserve so useful an existence as he had proved his to have been in so many different circumstances of late.

The noble-minded Sadak deplored his woful lot, and sympathized in his sufferings, as bespoke the heart of a Pagan may have as sensitive a touch of feeling for the trouble of a fellow-creature, and a breast as full of gratitude, as those who boast of being alone enlightened.

Orinda and Felix withdrew into the

open air during the operations necessary to be performed on the maimed dwarf. His head was first examined, and found to be somewhat bruised; he was then stripped of his upper garments; his arms and body were uninjured, or not materially hurt. The lower part of his dress was taken off; but this proved no very agreeable task, even for the strong olfactory nerves of his majesty of the ravine. When this was completed, lo and behold! what was there discovered! strange and wonderful! what a mystery was here unravelled! blush not, reader—but on the inner part of the thigh of this nondescript sort of a being, lay concealed the mystical box with the charmed seal, the contents of which were secure and undefiled, although not entirely so the outside case.

All operations on the half-dead man were for a time suspended; Sadak stood aghast—Selinus, Kilrest, and Monrod, were so astonished they looked at each other, and then on the part where the re-

covered casket had lain secreted, but they spoke not.

Kilrest was the first who returned to the proper use of his senses, and eagerly clasped the now more than ever mystical box, and requested Selinus to take charge of the precious casket, and deposit it securely in his own custody, and if he valued his own peace and interest, say no more about it the while he remained in Cairo.

Sadak and Monrod both urged the merchant to comply with the request of the gipsy, pointing out the necessity of it; and certainly none could have a greater right to it.

Kilrest said Elmuton was gone where he would settle all his accounts, therefore let these same jewels be entered into his balance-sheet, since Selinus had given the value, or nearly so, for them, and in all law of equity they were certainly his own; or if Elmuton chose to cavil about them on his day of trial, then let him send a judge's mandamus for the merchant's at-

tendance, and move the court to shew cause; besides the Christian had advanced money on them for the service of the state; and little doubt could exist in the most casual observer on the state of affairs, but the devil was the chief ruler; therefore Selinus need be under no apprehension, but let the business be settled between seignior Beelzebub and the caliph, and there was little fear but the conclusion would be amicable.

This matter being so far adjusted, they again turned their attention to the dying eunuch. He was thoroughly examined in every part, by the surgical gipsy, and found to have no bones broken, nor any visible contusion which would endanger his existence, and doctor Kilrest now gave it as his decided opinion, the greatest danger to be apprehended proceeded from the fright he had received, while the bruises on his head served to suspend animation. His temples were now chafed with a strong decoction, and a few drops of a powerful mixture, diluted in water, passed down

his throat; a small quantity of blood was taken from his arm, which relieved the system, and set it again to work, and restored respiration. The little man soon began to look out at the corners of his eyes, and his senses to return.

I had almost forgotten to observe, his *flat flask* fell from his band when first they commenced the operation of stripping; this Kilrest, like a prudent and careful physician, thought proper to examine, lest his patient had swallowed ought that was baneful or prejudicial. The gipsy therefore applied the nose of the flask to his nasal organs, and shook his head very knowingly; he tasted, and could not properly ascertain what the contents were—he tasted again, but kept the bottle longer to his mouth; he then declared it was a strong solution of some sort; but the better to satisfy his curiosity, and to give his opinion decidedly, he took the third trial, which proved to be a long and a strong swig; and at last, like a true Mussulman, who can always find some way or other

to cheat the prophet or the devil, gave the bottle into the hands of Selinus, and declared he knew not what the contents were.

The merchant soon unravelled the mystery, and pronounced the contents to be of no baneful nature, and nothing else but *good brandy*.

When Kilrest heard this declaration, and in the presence of Monrod too, he wished to appear in a terrible quandary, and complained of the effect it had on him, to think he had swallowed a forbidden beverage; but he was a good doctor, and knew better than to throw it off his stomach.

The Christian then applied the nose of the bottle to the mouth of the recovering dwarf, who took several large gulps, and soon proved his gratitude, by sitting upright, looking about him until he was satisfied he was not in the hands of the enemy, or near another magazine; then expressed a wish that he might be allowed to dress himself; this of course, for decency's sake,

was instantly acceded to—but, oh, reader! had you but seen his face when he came to handle a certain part of his dress! his lips quivered—he squinted intolerably—forced his cheek out with his tongue like the loaded pouch of a monkey—his limbs trembled, and his whole frame shook like an Ethiopian in the Esquimaux climate.

His doctor, Kilrest, earnestly inquired what so suddenly ailed him?

After much sniffling, the little fellow replied, in great tribulation—"Oh, holy Mahomet! I have lost——" here he stopped short, and recovered himself, concluding with—"I fear I have lost too much blood;" and as he proceeded to finish dressing himself, inquired most earnestly what place or whose hands he had been in, since he was precipitated from the gallery, and during his insensibility.

Sadak informed him none had approached his person, save those he now saw before him.

He was lost again for a moment, then

further inquired what had befallen Elmuton, and how went on the war?

He was further informed Elmuton was dead, and the Mamelukes in possession of the castle, and entire masters of Cairo.

The dwarf on which exclaimed, in a transport of joy—"The prophet be praised!"

Orinda and Felix now entered the chamber, and the parties unrestrained congratulated each other on their deliverance from jeopardy.

The conscience of Tabel, or the delighted manner of the gipsy, soon conveyed to him the idea that the lost jewels were once more come to light; he therefore put a good face on the matter, and asked the question boldly.

Selinus told him the truth, much against the will of the wary gipsy, who did not seem to wish to trust the little shuffler with the truth.

Tabel, whether in sincerity, or to cover his own fraud, we know not, but he burst into a loud exclamation of delight, to think the rightful owner was once more

in possession of them, and said he took them from the couch of Elmuton the same night he had taken them from Orinda, and committed her to prison, and when the caliph went to bed in a very unbecoming state for a true Mussulman, after prowling about his apartments until a very late hour, and keeping his vigilant guards from sleeping; but when questioned by Sadak as to his duplicity concerning them, and the anxiety he evinced when they were missed by the caliph, the dwarf vindicated himself, by saying all his doings were but honest roguery, as he intended to return them to Kilrest, Orinda, or her father, when a fit opportunity offered; but since the right owner had got them, there was no harm done, and he hoped the Christian would give him a handsome reward for the hazard he had run, and repay him well for the dirty work he had performed to cover the appearance of their loss.

As for his ever intending to restore them, that was not believed by any one

who knew the man, had they not been discovered by such an odd coincidence; but as the merchant had again lawful possession of them, and through his means, he handsomely rewarded the dwarf, while Monrod bound his secrecy by a solemn oath, and Kilrest threatened his life if he ever more, directly or indirectly, mentioned the jewels; and the little fellow, under all circumstances, was perfectly satisfied.

Sadak then retired, and sought his lovely Zoa, while Kilrest went about the castle in great consequence, with the veteran Monrod. The Mamelukes kept a strong guard on the alert, in case of treachery or danger of any nature likely to arise out of the change of circumstances which had taken place; and Selinus, Felix, and Orinda, undisturbed, passed the remainder of the night in the seclusion of the old soldier's chamber.

CHAPTER VIII.



While faith and penitence unfeign'd,
And peace, and meek humility,
Inspir'd the heart where long had reign'd
Revenge and infidelity.
CHARLOTTE C. RICHARDSON'S *Ludolf.*

THE conflagration caused by the blowing up of the magazine was got under by the exertions of the Christians only, but not until considerable damage was done, and the sun the next morning had risen some time. The mutilated remains of Elmuton were discovered, and presented a most shocking and appalling spectacle; by the united entreaties of the chief Christians, and Kilrest, who had contributed so much to the general cause, and out of respect to Felix, his remains were allowed to be privately but decently interred: poor Felix,

in despite of his wrongs and sufferings, sensibly deplored the wretched and desperate fate of his misguided father.

Early in the day a consultation of the principal Mamelukes was summoned, and also the heads of all other tribes in Cairo were invited to consider of an election for a new caliph, but it was understood the Mamelukes intended to hold the ascendancy.

The great mosque was brilliantly illuminated, where prayers and thanksgivings were offered by the devout as soon as the fate of Cairo and Elmuton became known to the priests, who in the general confusion had sought the holy sanctuary as a safe asylum, whichever party might prove the conquerors—they there could remain in security. Now were the offerings made for prosperity to the new government, and the minds and opinions of men in office turned as suddenly as the wind to the quarter likely for favour; and ere Horus had gained his meridian, every emblem, mark, and symbol, in distinction of the

power of the late execrated caliph, disappeared from the public places, whether religious or civil. So much for the brief hour of man's authority, when the deeds of his mortal life raises no honourable monument in men's minds to perpetuate his virtues.

The grand hall of the castle was announced to be open, by the deafening voices of the seven silver clarions of oriental state, and soon each passage leading thereto was thronged by a motley multitude. The chief mufti, in the name of the Mamelukes assembled, pronounced a general amnesty for the past to all conditions of men; but from that moment the city and boundaries of Grand Cairo were declared to be in the jurisdiction of the Mamelukes, and their power and authority to rule in future. He further declared the intention of that body to proceed forthwith in the election of some one to the office of most high caliph, regent and viceroy, whom they should think fit and proper to guard their holy religion, adminis-

ter justice, and guide the commonweal of Grand Cairo; and in their judgment and selection no doubt the high servant of the prophet, the son of Mahomet, the illustrious ruler of nations, the beloved of the earth, the favourite of Heaven, the most high and sublime sultan of Egypt, would sanction and agree to, and the prophet give his blessing on their appointment.

When this was delivered, a buzz ran throughout the spacious hall; several voices now shouted out—"Be Arruck our ruler, the good and magnanimous Arruck of Thebes—the known friend and adopted son of the deplored caliph Osmar!"

A confusion followed for a time, which suspended the main point of the business; the name of Arruck struck on the ear of Selinus, and for a moment he knew not why it was familiar; the sealed scroll he was commissioned with by Ishmaud the hermit of the dell, now struck his recollection, as bearing a direction to be delivered to a person of that name at Thebes.

Our merchant now made inquiry after

him—he could nowhere be found. A consternation spread among the Mamelukes who had arrived from that destination, some before and some since Arruck's departure from thence. Another loud call was made for his appearance by the assembly—still he was not forthcoming; and it was now recollected he had not been seen in Cairo during the present disturbances. Many of his companions and friends in arms had seen and conversed with him in their passage down the Nile; the vessel which bore him and a few tried partisans was known to have halted at the public passage house, near the summer palace of the caliph, and where he was seen to land, but that was considered as nothing strange or uncommon, for there was situated on the bank of the river a house of entertainment for passengers, where often fresh supplies were laid in for the remainder of the voyage; and it was also a place where many chose to land, and proceed across the country to Grand Cairo.

Various were the surmises and conjec-

tures in the minds of the Mamelukes, endeavouring to satisfy their anxiety on account of his absence; Arruck had long been considered the leading star of the Mamelukes at Cairo as well as Thebes, the latter being his common place of abode, the former being too full of danger for his safety; Elmuton had ever been both jealous and fearful of him, and Arruck's aversion and pointed hatred to the viceroy of Cairo, and his system, during his long reign, was no secret; his most intimate acquaintance and friends knew not how to account for his absence.

On further inquiry several more of the Mameluke chiefs were missing, and who were known to be active in the insurrection, and seen after victory had declared them her sons, yet no reason for their disappearance could be given why or wherefore. Selinus and Kilrest next made inquiry after Kesto—he could not be found; he had proved himself to be a true Mameluke by his courage and bearing in the late

undertaking, still nothing could be heard of him in the castle or city.

Mystery seemed to be gathering on every side; even the penetration of the wily gipsy was in a fit of perplexity. The assembly seemed to have made their minds on the election of Arruck to fill the important office, and would hear of nothing else; all was in discontent, and distrust was beginning to rear her frightful head; but what was the most strange, there appeared no other candidate for the high station—no one else was even proposed, and all was become a stand-still. Those whom curiosity brought to the hall began to tire and depart; the gong at the mosque sounded for evening prayer, and drew away the strictly religious; the staunch adherents of Arruck, who would hear of nothing else, remained alone in a sort of disappointment; the citizens retired to their homes; and the really weary soldiers, who had been so long under arms, sought their quarters to repose themselves; while

the secret enemies of the Mamelukes chuckled in silence at the perplexing consternation of their foes.

The night passed in this manner; the former part of the next day the same; the only inquiries were—"Has Arruck been heard of? has Arruck returned?" and such like questions; all were still in ignorance. Selinus several times resolved in his own mind to break the seal of the scroll he was intrusted with, and which he had still kept in his private possession, but he had registered an oath not to do so, or that might perchance throw some light on the mystery; but his mind misgave him, and he could not do it.

The hours had far advanced in the evening of the second day, when the congregation in the hall, courts, and avenues leading thereto, and which were crowded to excess, for nearly the whole population of Cairo had assembled by this time at the castle, so intense had become both public and private curiosity—just at this juncture, when all honest hearts feared some

ill might accrue from this procrastination in the election of their chief ruler, the gongs one after another sounded a rejoicing, until the least of consideration in Cairo caught the strain, and joined in the theme; without knowing the just cause, but supposing the momentous business of choosing was brought to a conclusion, the greatest part of the multitude shouted they knew not why, and a sudden and general manifestation of rejoicing took place; presently a cry of "Arruck! Arruck!" was heard, which filled the space around, when soon this noble and brave warrior and patriot was ushered into the hall, amidst acclamations which threatened to rend the roof in twain. He was placed on an elevation, exposed to general view; he was now greeted with such shouts, as would have deafened the sense of Jove.

A modest beam of gratitude played on his manly countenance, as he acknowledged the proud welcome. Close by his side stood a venerable man, of once noble mien;

his silver beard swept his girdle, but hoary Time seemed to have laid his withering hand heavily upon him. He was not known to the general meeting, and only commanded their notice by his sage aspect—his garments were coarse and unseemly; nor was any very particular attention paid him by those near, save Arruck. Thus he passed as the friend or monitor of that patriotic general.

Selinus and Kilrest had retired some time from the clamour of the thronged hall; the public affair of election for a caliph seemed not materially to concern them—more momentous matter claimed their attention: Selinus intended, as soon as the city and country about should become tranquil, to take his departure from Cairo, once more to visit the ruins, to receive his son Oscar, and quit Egypt for ever with his family. All these preparations was he adjusting with Kilrest, Felix, and Orinda, in the chamber of Monrod, when this instantaneous burst of rejoicing took place in the castle. They soon learnt

the cause, and the first impulse of the Christian was to hasten to Arruck, and deliver Ishmaud's sealed scroll. His oath demanded it, and his duty prompted him. They however could not gain an entrance into the over-crowded hall, so closely was it packed with all classes of Mussulmen, who were indiscriminately thronged together; the attempt was futile, and for the present the idea was given up.

When the din had somewhat subsided, a great bustle was perceived to exist about the spot where Arruck was placed. The chief mufti now appeared in a conspicuous place, as if to announce the new caliph to the inhabitants of Grand Cairo. A death-like silence now reigned. It was soon made known Arruck declined the offer of the honours which awaited him, and which they so earnestly wished him to accept.

A sullen consternation followed, as though a pestilence was suspended over them. The astonished multitude looked on each other in wonder and surprise. At

length Arruck arose from his seat, and with a majestic air spoke thus—"Countrymen, brothers, Mamelukes, and Mussulmen—the holy prophet bless you all! I have ever yet lived proud of my existence, and gloried when my country prospered. Our foes have felt my power—my friends my love; although of late our honest pride has been humbled to the dust, and a cruel tyrant too long trampled on our necks, and mocked our sufferings; the sun of the Mamelukes has been wofully eclipsed by an evil constellation, and we have existed only in a dark and turbulent storm; the plague of oppression has sorely visited us, and we were fast sinking to an ignominious oblivion; an apostate's sword has been our scourge, and we have groaned under the power of a desperate fool. We have been nigh overwhelmed in the flood of despair, yet our magnanimity buoyed us up to breathe the contagious air of tyranny and misery. Now the glorious sun of hope beams refulgent once more upon us, prosperity beckons us, and

happy liberty wreaths a garland of peace to crown our endeavours, and cancel our troubles; again we soon shall breathe the energy which made our fathers loved by their friends and feared by their enemies. When Osmar ruled, the band was removed from the eyes of Justice, and she dealt fairly with all men; mercy was the sceptre of Osmar, and charity lived in his breast; love and generosity was his motto, plenty and peace were his companions, and we were happy; golden commerce surrounded his throne, and amity knit the bond of social concord. The melancholy contrast we have sorely witnessed. Now in my hands you would place your interests, in my judgments confide your welfare, and to my guidance your liberties and prosperities; I am incapable of the task. You court me to be a traitor and a usurper—you seek to ruin my fair fame—you wish to buckle infamy on my memory, and execrations on my name—you hold a mirror of falsehood to your own view, and would embitter my future days;

yet in your love I know you wish me well and happy. What I have done has been but my duty—what I will do is still my duty, and shall be done. Yes, Mamelukes, I will be happy, and I will make you happy! I will restore to you your rights and liberties—I will restore to you your long-lost ruler and caliph—I will restore to you our beloved Osmar! Osmar the Magnanimous!"

The noble chief then led forward the trembling Ishmaud, *the hermit of the desert,* and presented him as the most high and mighty caliph of Grand Cairo.

The multitude were astounded, and in silence endeavoured to press forward, and recognise the venerable stranger; and as a further confirmation for them, the companion in exile, Kesto, was introduced as Belasterous, Osmar's once noted and renowned general, who fought the battles of the Mamelukes in Osmar's day, and whose foes trembled at his name, until treacherous power vanquished their honest means. The aged Mamelukes, who

had weathered the storm of Elmuton's usurpation, soon recognised their former favourites, and impressed their full belief on their countrymen by prostrations and reverence.

This information and discovery flew like a clap of thunder, which relieves the oppressed air, astounds for a moment, then leaves a calm benignity behind. Osmar was instantly hailed by all classes of men as caliph, and bedecked with the robes and insignia of the important office. The multitude within and without the doors, made a general prostration towards him. The loud clanging of the great gong on the grand mosque, again summoned to prayers and thanksgiving. The holy sanctuary blazed like a brilliant meteor, in less time than it could be supposed ingenuity could have performed it.

Osmar and his principal partisans shewed themselves at conspicuous parts of the palace and castle to the surrounding crowds, and were every where hailed with excessive enthusiasm. The clamor of re-

joicing outdinned din, and men seemed intoxicated with joy; fathers recounted to their children the former good deeds of the caliph Osmar the Magnanimous, and children lisped out the oft-told tale; old men frisked about with the alacrity of youth, and the youths gambolled in all the luxury of delight. Those whom the favours of Elmuton enriched, or his faults made great, and on that account deplored his fall and overthrow, looking with dread to a change in the administration, now became gladdened in the universal joy; their sorrows were chased away by the account of Osmar's former reign, and the future hailed with cheering anticipations. The darkness of the city was dispelled by the gathering bonfires and splendid illuminations; as Hyperion rising above old ocean's bed, sweeps away the sable veil of night, and cheers the grateful earth with his refulgence.

Emblems and devices, demonstrative of the happy return of Osmar to power, were every where displayed; the younger part

of the community paraded the dusty streets, in various dresses, bespeaking the general satisfaction; while the elder gathered together in groups, to tell the latent virtues of him they loved, and who was as it were arisen from the dead among them, or to guess only at his sufferings, endured in horrible exile.

The few that had become acquainted with that secret and his history, since he had been dead to his subjects, were compelled to recount it. The name of Elmuton was not suffered to be mentioned in the general rejoicing, and the naming of the horrors of the late tyrannic reign was now considered worse than treason. The bustling mirth of this night outdid the greatest of traffic ever known in Cairo. The many vessels riding on the proud Nile seemed to be rigged as with streaks of fire—the various shaded lanthorns and gaudy-coloured flags struck their rays on the ancient river's bosom, which reflected the light, and shone like an ocean of gold.

The following morning, though day

seemed now to have no division, the rejoicing had made the late night pass as a brilliant day. However, at an early hour Selinus and Kilrest sought the venerable caliph Osmar, to pay their respects: oh, how strange the contrast from the last interview they had with Ishmaud, the forlorn hermit, in the ruins of the ravine! Of late the miserable and forsaken cave of some wild beast was the abode of the wretched solitary, when dried moss and leaves formed his poor couch to rest his wearied limbs upon. A scanty pittance of milk and dried fruit, given in charity, was his poor meal, when he was sought after by the wanton and curious as a strange being, and forced to endure the gibes and insults of strangers, and dared scarce murmur at the indignities of the ignorant, and known only as Ishmaud the hermit; now it was suddenly Osmar, the most sublime and high caliph of Grand Cairo, yet in flesh, blood, form, and make, the same man. Fine fangled lackies and high pampered courtiers were stationed at distant

parts, to secure his mightiness from the gaze of the vulgar, and prevent intrusion, lest his slumbers or privacy should be disturbed; the choicest viands which art could invent to pamper his appetite, and the most costly velvet stuffed with down and trimmed with gold and gems to loll his frame upon. This strange contrariety was but the work of a few hours. Osmar had now seen the world; its luxuries he had known long before—they were almost forgotten, and the greatest privations of life he had endured of late. Oh, what a lesson for mankind had he learnt! and Osmar could not forget Ishmaud.

The Christian and the gipsy were introduced into the sublime presence, with all the form of oriental pomp; but when the old friends of the ravine met, the superiority of the caliph left Osmar, and he received them with the cordiality of sincere friendship. His cumbrous trappings of state seemed but to incommode him as he arose from his throne to welcome and cherish them. Osmar could at the onset

of the interview say but little, reminiscence so flashed upon his mind, as to prevent the struggling words from escaping with which his over-charged bosom swelled. As he used the common salutation of the Mussulman, his dignity for a moment seemed to forsake him, and his fervency bespoke his sincerity.

To the merchant of Cairo the custom of state was no way embarrassing; his sphere of life and education had been such as rendered ceremony but little perplexing; but not so to his majesty of the ravine; now that he was on plain dealing, and craft and cunning was out of the question, the queer king was most sadly out of his element. His prostrations were of the most awkward kind; his usually flippant tongue clave to his lips, and for the soul of him he could not stammer out any thing like a congratulatory compliment to the viceroy. He knew not what to do with his hands—they swung by his side like the pendulum of a clock; his feet stuck to the paved floor like the magnet to steel, and

his whole contour was in an uncomfortable plight; he fancied all eyes were upon him, and all ears waiting to catch his words. His dress too—how mean, how degrading! not the commonest slave about the palace but fluttered in gay attire, and colours as gaudy as the butterfly. Upon the whole he was very unhappy, and wished himself any where else.

Osmar saw his embarrassment, and was anxious to put his first ceremony at an end. He therefore desired Kilrest to take the earliest opportunity and see him in private, as he had something of consequence to communicate.

The gipsy, without waiting for his companion the merchant, made the most of his manners, and retired from the august presence.

Selinus, out of courtesy and respect, observed the ceremonies of the Ottomen, and delivered the sealed scroll, whole and entire, into the hands of him who first entrusted him with it.

Osmar received it, broke the seal, and

returned an enclosed packet into the hands of Selinus, and requested he would at his leisure peruse it. The envelope, which was directed to Arruck, and merely contained the correspondence of such friends, was disposed of; and after an earnest invitation and entreaty from the caliph that the good Christian would again soon meet him, he was suffered to depart.

The bustle of state affairs now began to press upon the new-returned caliph, and to occupy the early day of Osmar. Selinus sought his children in the chamber of Monrod, with whom he found Kilrest, who was most anxious to return to the ravine, and restore the wounded Oscar.

Poor old Monrod now joined the group, and earnestly expressed a wish to depart with them, was it only to the ruins of the ravine, or to occupy the late abode of Ishmaud in the lonely dell, so strong was his wish to leave Cairo. His day to cavil for preferment was past—and office he wished not for, nor would he court it; his years began to hang heavily on him, and

the only gratification his bosom longed for was solitude, or retirement from a world wherein of late he had witnessed nought but ingratitude, fraud, and treason, in its most direful shape. He was a Mussulman, ever strict to his religion, but no fanatic, nor denouncer against another sect. He was descended from an ancient and respectable family—a patriot in every sense of the word—and in all a good man. He was respected, and we may say, beloved by Elmuton, who, with all his faults, follies, and imperfections, he served honestly and justly, and dealt fairly with all men. Yet he had not been a particular favourite of fortune, nor basked conspicuously in the alluring sunshine of court favour and popularity; the world seemed no longer to have charms for him, at least such as he could enjoy, and in the city of Cairo he felt assured he could never find them; he had formed his mind, and determined to quit it for ever, and expressed his wish to follow his dearly-beloved Felix whom he

had watched from his infancy with the care of a parent. In his society, be in whatsoever clime, and among whomsoever, still in Felix he would find a sincere friend, one who would guard his closing day, and sooth the rugged path of decaying nature.

This request of the poor old veteran was not made in vain, Felix revered and really loved him, Selinus had a great respect for him, and Orinda sympathized in the affection of her husband. It was agreed he should remain in the castle until the return of Kilrest and the Christians from the ruins, and for which they intended immediately to depart, and as soon as they returned with Oscar, to leave Egypt in the vessel of Selinus, and set sail for Spain, the land of the merchant's nativity.

As this was adjusting, Kilrest remained speechless and melancholy; and as Selinus turned toward him, and expressed his wish to proceed on their journey, the gipsy turned, and looked the Christian father

full in the face; he attempted to speak—it was in vain; his heart seemed overcharged and almost bursting; he griped the hand of the Christian—a labouring tear struggled in his thick lashes. After a short but suffocating pause, he exclaimed—"Oh, Christian! did you not say you would quit Egypt for ever? How can I make an atonement to you for all the pangs and sufferings I have caused you to endure? Oh, in the name of the prophet, ere you depart, deliver me over to justice for my provoking crimes on you and yours; by my death let me expiate my sin. Let me, oh, in mercy let me be rid of my burthensome life! for hereafter it must be burthensome—it will be too burthensome to bear, too terrible! Let me die, and hope to find forgiveness alone hereafter!"

This sudden burst of repentance and religious hope overspread the congregated few, like the glorious truth of Heaven beaming on a dark despairing mind. All were

mute for a time. The big tear of sincere penitence and faith rolled down the hard-furrowed features of the wily sinner's face, whose life had been a compound of fraud, villany, and arch deceit. That tear was worth a world of gems in the sight of the good men present; it was a sparkling preface of repentance, the titlepage of religious hope, and a little volume, worth a million of words.

When the gipsy had somewhat recovered his emotions, he continued, as he applied his hand to his moistened lids, and discovered the precious balm—"Look here, Christians; thou hast this day seen a wonder—a repentant tear drop from the hardened eye of Kilrest. If thou wast to tell this to men of the world, they would say, thou liest! Ah, well they might; it is the first I ever remember to have shed; but it has passed, and I am proud of it.

Selinus, Felix, and Monrod (poor Orinda's tears were her only eloquence, such an impression had the conduct of Kilrest

made on her sensitive bosom), comforted the poor repentant with the most unfeigned forgiveness on their parts, and pointed out the path to obtain an eternal pardon and mercy.

The party became somewhat reconciled to their troubles, and were preparing to depart on their road to the ravine, when they were interrupted by a bustle in the court-yard, and at the entrance to the chamber of Monrod.

It appears the gipsies who were dispatched across the country by Kilrest, at the earnest desire of Kesto and Ishmaud, to bear a sealed scroll to some one who was on his passage from Thebes—it now appears Kilrest was told by the recluses it was a commission from them to Arruck, but he could learn no further, and whom Ishmaud and Kesto thought would most likely be met at the passage-house. We have already said, when Kesto visited the halting caravan, on the skirts of the yellow desert, he had heard what was likely to happen soon at Grand Cairo, and there-

fore wished to consult with their friend Arruck, as to the best manner for Ishmaud, now Osmar, to proceed, in case the Mamelukes should prove victorious, and he be reinstated in his rights and dignities.

The messenger gipsies were fortunate enough to meet Arruck, who instantly, on receiving Ishmaud's scroll, repaired secretly and unknown to the other Mamelukes, to the ruins in the ravine, under the escort of the three followers of Kilrest; but as soon as he met his old friend and former master, insisted on Osmar's repairing instantly to his own city of Cairo. When on the road, they were met by Kesto, and a few chosen Mamelukes, who were made acquainted with the secret of their caliph, and whose mysterious absence made such a stir in the castle, after it had surrendered; but previous to the departure of Ishmaud from the ruins, he commended Oscar to the vigilant care of those gipsies which had returned with Arruck, and bade them commence their journey to-

wards the city of Cairo, by easy stages, after him. This was accordingly done; and as the Christians, with Kilrest, were about to seek Oscar, he was borne into the court-yard, and soon joined his friends in the chamber of Monrod.

To attempt to describe this meeting would be futile, now that they were in safety and liberty. The night passed in love and friendship in the apartment of the old soldier, while the castle remained in tranquillity, and the city in peace.

CHAPTER IX.



Happy they, the happiest of their kind,
Whom gentler stars unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.

THOMSON.

In the course of the night, as his children slept, the good old merchant Selinus took the opportunity to peruse the contents of the sealed scroll, delivered to him by the caliph Osmar, the purport of which wâs as follows :—

" Christian Selinus, I would claim a tear of pity from thee, and thy forgiveness. I am much indebted to thee for many of this world's goods. Thou knowest me not, thou sayest, as now I am and appear to thee; perhaps it is best so, as I may be spared thy reproaches, and thee not forced to look upon and be with one who has so wronged thee. But no, Selinus, think

not so ill of me, but believe it was my misfortune forced me to bilk thee of thy treasures, and drove me beyond the possibility of paying my just debts. Oh, Christian! the poor weather-beaten hand which subscribes these characters, the weak enervated fingers which draw these lines, the misty eyes which now behold so dimly this skin, and my wavering senses, which render my diction difficult to be understood, and my ciphering scarcely legible, are now, alas! unknown and forgotten by thee; when so few—few years are passed, since thou knewest me erect and bold in manhood, when my eye darted the fire of resentment on my foes, my strong arm chastened their arrogance, my acute senses penetrated their hell-born and secret mischiefs, and my strength made them grovel with their native dust, when my name was loved and feared, my friendship sought, and my anger shunned. Oh, Christian! thou knewest me when men courted my favours, and thousands seem-

ed to exist but on my smiles—when the world ran fair with me, as the first hour of a serene spring morning, and my whole day of life promised to pass away, as a short and transient dream of bliss—when my blooming sons had just gained the vigour of manhood, and I was proud of my offspring, and gloried in the honourable name of father—when I commanded and was obeyed—when all my day was happy, and my night was tranquil—when I held myself secure, and lived I thought but in the love and esteem of all men. Yes, merchant, thou knewest me all this and more. Oh, I blush when I acknowledge to thee, I was the happy caliph Osmar, Osmar the Magnanimous, viceroy of Grand Cairo.

"Stay, Christian, stay awhile—a tear has fallen, and intercepted the passage of my pen. It is past—now, Selinus, thou knowest me for the poorest man in creation, made worse than poor by the baseness and ingratitude of the world I once loved. Oh, prophet, how I once loved

the world! I thought all men were just, and for my pains discovered myself a fool. I loved the busy scenes of men—I thought it was really life: no, no, I was deceived —the scenes I saw were death, and mortals the actors therein, yet I applauded them. I cherished the one as a friend—I found him false; I dealt with another as an honest man—he proved to me a cheat; a chance-comer spoke me fair—I trusted him—he cheated and laughed at me; a stranger grew familiar, made my house his home, and afterward stabbed my peace of mind; a rich man bowed to me, and deluded me; a cold-faced, unmeaning-looking, distant sort of person, hovered about me, caught my words, turned them into infamy, and crushed me; a flippant fool, as gay as a butterfly, sporting his hour in the sun, whisked about before my imperfect vision, dazzled my sight, and made me his laughingstock as he left me. But why do I remind thee of all this, Christian? as Osmar, the caliph of Cairo, thou hast too much sorry cause to remember

me; but as Ishmaud the hermit thou wilt never forget me.

"Now must I beat hard on the chords of this poor old heart, as I relate to thee some of my sufferings. Elmuton! oh, that name strikes my every mortal sense chilly when I think upon it, and as I see it written, almost annihilates my vision; but it must be so, to make my story perfect. Elmuton was a favourite child of fortune; his parents and friends were rich, at Alexandria; he was a wayward young man, and at Cairo sought my favour. I liked him not. He hung about me for preferment, and played the sycophant. I despised him. He became bold, and asked me to advance him, and recommend him to the sultan; and for what? why, Christian, he had not a single virtue in his whole composition. I turned my back on him, and hated him for his presumption. He was rich, and had made many purse friends; he was so far artful as to lock his interest in the merchant's credit books, bound the sultan to him by costly pre-

sents, gave fetes, and treated the plebeians —purchased a name of the multitude, and the vulgar hurled their caps in the air for him; he paid for plotting—his gold created a rebellion—it broke upon me unexpectedly; he headed the mob, bought their voice, paid for each hurra, and undermined men's honesty, traduced my fair fame, heaped scandal on my name, which made even my friends look aghast, and for a moment stand aloof; Elmuton made use of the sultan's authority, deceived the million, and usurped my power.

"The seasons of late at this time had been unpropitious, and we were in want. The very elements seemed to war against me—a terrible fire consumed nearly half my city; the public coffers had been drained to the lowest ebb for the general good; the swelling Nile conjoined with the seasons to hold back his yearly tribute to the extent which was so much needed. Fate gathered around me, and I was persuaded to quit Cairo. Once away from my throne, and the seat of power, the seal was soon

fixed on my fortunes—those whom I thought my best and sworn friends were now tardy in their services—I was forced to seek as an asylum for the moment in emergency the holy mosque. Even here the priests were tampered with, and they looked cold on my necessities. I was now almost driven to despair, and as a last refuge I sought the confines of my summer palace on the bank of the Nile, accompanied by my seven sons, and a few stanch partisans.

"I had not long been there ere I heard the appalling news that the rebel Elmuton was declared caliph of Grand Cairo. That was a heavy stroke for my poor heart, Christian: soon the usurper's power and treachery hunted my abode out; his gold paid his myrmidons, and I was besieged in my last sanctuary. My brave sons fought for the life and rights of their sire, until their mangled bodies formed a barrier between me and my direst foes. All hope was lost, save escaping under the cover of the night—it was done; my

faithful Kesto, but then my valiant friend and general, Belasterous, would hang to the fortunes of his master, and fled with me.

"We wandered long in want and misery. Arruck, another good and a rich friend of mine, we heard had escaped the horrors which befell my adherents, and was in safety at Thebes. Thither we bent our course. Oh, Christian, it was a long and weary pilgrimage to perform! we suffered every want mortal man is heir to. Kesto and myself dared not to reside in Thebes, nor where men inhabited—a price was set on our heads, and our lives were sought after; the emissaries of the accursed usurper were in every town and district—indeed they were scattered over the whole country: I, the wretched Osmar, was proscribed, and held up to infamy and scorn, but eluded the vigilance of my enemies.

"At length, search being fruitless, it began to be less fervent, and to die away. It was generally reported and believed I must have fallen with my brave sons, and

other defenders of my life and liberty; but still, as my body was not found, suspicion kept awake and haunted me. The wretched Mamelukes were oppressed and plundered with impunity by the new power: often have they struggled for their rights and liberties, and in different parts of the district; but the gold of the usurper supported his power, and they were invariably crushed by infamy. Poor devoted Mamelukes!—Oh, holy Mahomet! when will their tribulations and sorrows find an end, and their lawful privileges be restored! or has their sun of glory, like mine own, sunk to rise no more!—What digression is this!—Good Christian, pardon the wandering of a poor old man, made old by oppressive care and trouble more than by the covering of years.

"I will not hold thee long in perusing this melancholy scroll—why should I? my troubles may affect thee for a moment, and then may perchance pass away like an idle tale; but I am in thy debt, Christian, and the least I can do is to give thee

reasons why I have not paid thy honourable claims—alas! all prospect of that is long, long since vanished; but exonerate me, merchant, from the imputation of fraud, and let my sufferings plead an excuse."

At this part the writing was so obliterated, as by tears, Selinus found a difficulty in proceeding for several lines, but thus recommenced:—

"We could see our friend Arruck but seldom, and that only at such times as when he could steal out of the city of Thebes by night, and search out our abode in the neighbouring forest; but the great hazards he ran in these visits, from so many causes, were the only preventatives for so good a man as Arruck. Yes, Christian, that man would willingly have laid down his valuable life to have added the smallest moiety of comfort to the wretched Osmar. In the midst of a melancholy forest, inhabited only by ourselves and beasts of prey, with poisonous death-dealing reptiles, the air infected by pes-

tiferous insects, and the face of the earth charged with venomous crawling creatures, almost imperceptible, but whose stings were worse than a thousand deaths, the day passed cheerless and unhappily, and the night in fear and watchfulness.

"Hunger preyed upon us, and death in innumerable shapes and horrid forms hovered around us; yet for near two years did Kesto and Ishmaud buffet with horrible privations in this danger-begirted forest, amidst ravenous creatures, and existing chiefly on wild fruit and berries: but even here, even this dreary and inhospitable region was too comfortable a home for the miserable outcast exiles. We were one day surprised by hunters, and by a miracle only we escaped death, to linger out a life of wretchedness and wo. Yes, merchant, strange was our deliverance and prevention from falling into the hands of those who would have gloried in the reward for our heads, and made a proud boast of having taken the miserable Os-

mar and his companion prisoners. The prying dogs of the chase had found our lurking-place; we heard their approach, and made our escape, but not until we were seen by a party of horsemen, and was soon convinced by their manner we were recognised, or they had supposed who we were, as frequently the name of Osmar struck our hearing. We hastened from the spot, made our way through the underwood to some distance, and climbed a thick palm, endeavouring to elude their search; the sagacious dogs scented us, the hunters, horse and foot, followed—we could discern them through the thick foliage; they were creatures of Elmuton's, and on a commission from him at Thebes. Our hard fate seemed now to be drawing to a close; we were soon descried by the hunters.

"In these times of suspicion and distrust, two isolated beings like us, discovered in an unfrequented forest, where silence was seldom broken by human creatures, except ourselves, and our endeavours to

avoid their gaze and pursuit, was enough to awaken more than mere curiosity.

"The underwoods were beaten, to give a passage—our assailants were drawing near. The dogs became suddenly silent, and seemed somehow or other at a stand, ourselves anticipating only new tortures and troubles, when on a sudden a terrible screaming of men and howling of dogs rent the air. Two fierce hyenas, alarmed by the approach of adversaries, had flown to this spot as an ambush, or place of safety. They had laid secreted on the opposite direction to our entrance, and our precipitation in climbing the palm had secured us from the danger of the beasts; but when the quadrupeds intruded on the retreat of the savage animals, they darted on their assailants with horrid fury; several dogs were instantly laid dead, by such surprise were they taken. The bipeds flew in all directions, in terrible consternation, as the infuriated beasts dealt death around alike to man and brute; the forest reechoed with affright, the dogs seemed

lost in fear, their wonted courage fled, and remained as stupified in the consternation —no valorous huntsmen to encourage them to the onset, and the hyenas, which were male and female, and of the most desperate kind, were emboldened by the non-resistance of their foes.

"We beheld the devastation on our enemies, and praised the God of our prophet for our present deliverance. The din and outcry died away in distance only. We descended, and now considered the forest was no longer a place of any sort of security for us; our foes had beheld us—they might have recognised us, and little doubt remained in our minds but they would return in double force, to take revenge on their fourfooted adversaries, and the caption money for us, in case they knew us, would repay them well for their hazard.

"We made the best of our way towards the skirts of the frightful forest, and nearest to the city of Thebes. Our discoverers had been driven in the opposite direction,

and must perforce be at some considerable distance. We looked forward with something like hope, a faint gleam flashed across our wo-begone bosoms, and in our misery we believed we were the especial care of an all-wise protector. We approached near enough to discern the walls and lofty buildings of Thebes, and resolved, when night should fall, to enter the habitation of mortals once more, and claim the assistance and advice of our good friend Arruck.

"All earth seemed to be as tranquil as was the face of heaven; the night was serene, and in safety we reached the abode of our dear and blessed friend, which was on the outside of the fortifications. No tidings of the unfortunate hunters had yet arrived in the city.

"Arruck was alive to our safety, and procured us disguises; our long and shaggy beards we were forced to sacrifice to our necessity. Two strong mules were procured, and we determined to hazard the difficulties of the way, and proceed in the

direction of the yellow desert, and seek an asylum on this side. We were well supplied with gold and necessaries for our undertaking by the bounty of our friend, who saw the danger which attended us, if we longer stayed in the vicinity of Thebes.

"The parting with that friend, Christian, is written indelibly on my heart, and death alone can efface it. We passed on our way unnoticed, and commenced the frightful passage of the lonely and trackless wild. Our mules had not borne us above half the distance across the hot desert, ere they failed in their strength, and expired with fatigue and thirst. Oh, Christian! picture to your mind our hopeless and forlorn situation. Strange to tell, we summoned resolution, and journeyed onward, to the astonishment and wonder of ourselves, and at the trials and privations man is able to support when necessity urges him.

"At length we crossed the vast plain, with every attendant difficulty; nearly

expiring we reached the caravansary, hard by the ruins in the ravine, and halted until our strength returned, being well supplied with gold, and by our liberality closed the eye of distrust and suspicion. We were already too near the fatal city of Cairo, to remain long in security, if we in any way exposed ourselves; we therefore sought out this lonely abode, in the solitary dell on the skirts of the desert, again disguised ourselves, and as the strange recluses you found us, we remained undisturbed for a length of time. Arruck knew we were in safety, but knew not exactly where, by intelligence we contrived to send him by the passing caravans.

"At length our resources failed, and we were no longer able to purchase this secret correspondence. We could not hear of Arruck but in the usual manner of worldly commerce. Our superior learning and acquirements stirred up the curiosity of the ignorant; and the once proud Osmar and brave Belasterous were degraded, and forced to use chicanery, and sub-

mit to insult for their support of nature. Of late our privations and horrors have been dreadful, and almost insupportable; yet none, save ourselves, heard our murmurs. We must once more quit our sorry, sorry abode, and again become wanderers; yes, Christian, it must be so. The indignities and insults we are here forced to bear are worse than death; my very soul revolts at them: oh, no, no, they cannot, must not, shall not be borne. Yes, Christian, once more must the wretched Osmar be an outcast; and perhaps, ere thou readest this sorrowful narrative, Osmar may cease to exist, his troubles be forgot, and his body be mouldering in an ignoble and a disregarded grave. Adieu, good Christian."

Hebe, the lovely handmaid of Sol, had began to sweep the darksome mist of night from off the floor of earth, that his bright rays might wanton there and play, ere the good Christian merchant Selinus had finished the sorrowful scroll of Ishmaud

the Hermit. His poor old heart throbbed as he folded the parchment, and deposited it in the bosom of his dress; a kind benevolent flow of tears relieved his oppressed mind: he thought how wonderful were the dispensations of an allwise Creator, and how great his care over that ungrateful creature man. He viewed his children as they lay in sweet and tranquil slumber, heaved a sigh for their past sufferings, and poured forth a fervent prayer to the Throne of Mercy for their future safety.

Seignior Tabel at this moment broke modestly in upon the solitude of the chamber. After the usual salutations, his face beaming with joy and gladness, all his flippancy returning, and his accustomed vivacity gaining the predominance of good breeding, and after repeating his salutations to each individual, garnished with a long string of congratulations, he made known his mightiness, the most sublime caliph of Grand Cairo, Osmar the Magnanimous, whom the prophet bless and guard for ever and ever,

and that his reign might last until time had worn his latchets out, or become so old as to be no longer able to travel—with a world of such like rhodomontade he ran on, ere he made the Christians understand the newly-returned governor was pleased, in his sublime condescension, to vouchsafe and deliver into his keeping (the last night before he retired to his chamber) the keys of the harem, and to continue him in all his high offices he had of late filled, beside ordering him to be equipped in a costly uniform, and unrestrained confidence to be placed in him.

He then suddenly stopped short to recover his breath. Something else came across his mind; he was silent a moment, and putting his funny visage into a sort of mourning guise, and addressing himself to Monrod, who had now entered, informed him that old Ayesha, the governante of the harem, was discovered drowned in the reservoir of the vestibule of the waters, and still griping in death a large flask, which

she was known sometimes to carry about her. It is supposed, in the general consternation, when the castle was besieged, she must, in the dark and fright, have missed her path, and fatally fell into the same place where she once before received a severe ducking; but however, poor soul! she had not this time come so fortunately off. Her fate caused but little regret, save in the great and mighty dwarf; certainly he had lost a most convenient pot, or rather flask companion; and the odd creature seemed for a moment to really deplore her untimely end. At last he started as recollecting himself, and with as many apologies as would have served a whole regiment of shallow-pated memories, told he was commanded by the sublime caliph, Osmar the Magnanimous, his august master, when he was attending him to his illustrious chamber the last evening, to desire the Christian merchant Selinus, to wait on him in his private apartment the first thing in the morning, and before the

business and concerns of the public day came on.

Monrod severely chided the little chatterer for his procrastination in delivering his master's commands, and Selinus on the instant repaired, conducted by the seignior marshal Tabel, to the apartment of Osmar, whom he found impatient for his attendance.

The old caliph now threw off all restraint of office, and familiarly conversed with his old Christian friend the merchant. The topic was chiefly on the departure of Selinus from Egypt, which Osmar would hear not of, until he had given him a proper security of the old debt he had formerly contracted with the merchant, but which was out of the power of Osmar at present to liquidate, owing to the embarrassed state of public and private affairs. All matters were then adjusted between them as to their future settlement, and Selinus promised to take his leave of the viceroy, ere he quitted Egypt for ever. The merchant also gave Osmar to understand,

Monrod, the old veteran of the castle, would wish and intended to leave, and accompany his family. Osmar grieved at the loss of so valuable an officer as he had learnt Monrod had been, but yielded without hesitation to the prayer of the old soldier. The Christian took his leave for the present, and his majesty of the ravine was commanded to attend the viceroy's bidding.

His queer kingship entered the private presence with much less embarrassment than he had the public one the day before. Osmar treated him courteously, and kindly acknowledged the many obligations he was under to the gipsy, when he was only poor Ishmaud the hermit; and now, as the grateful Osmar, he would endeavour in some part to repay his kindnesses, and which were bestowed at a time when reward or remuneration was entirely out of the question.

After some little conversation on the disgraceful life of the gipsy, and Kilrest had unequivocally declared his resolution to lead a new life, since he had restored

Oscar to his father, the generous Osmar offered him, and insisted on his accepting, the office of captain of the castle guard on the outer works, and that the whole gang of the ravine be invited to enlist anew, and still serve under their old commander, but in a new capacity. This was certainly too much for the poor gipsy to endure—it was so unexpected, and that at the moment when he had determined to leave for ever his old life and wicked practices, yet knew not where to turn his steps nor where to seek a shelter for his head. He believed he had no friends: a true light of his situation and past life broke suddenly upon him, and every hour he had been sinking more and more into despair. This was a sudden transition indeed! he would have fallen before Osmar, and have almost worshipped him, but he seemed rivetted to the spot—his tongue could not perform its task, and acknowledge his gratitude by words. Osmar therefore left the apartment, and Kilrest awoke from his stupor and sought the Christians and Monrod to

communicate the joyful news; this was soon done, and Kilrest was congratulated and hailed, for the first time in his life, and that by Selinus too, as the noble *captain Banca.*

Had the merchant held a basilisk before the eyes of the late gipsy, he could not have been more terrified: he trembled, and his senses seemed for a moment at a stand; at last, embracing Selinus, said—"Oh, thou good man, now thou hast wholly recalled me back to myself: yes, Selinus, I will be Banca in future; and would to the prophet I could erase for ever from my mind the recollection of Kilrest, the abominable gipsy!"

As soon as the followers of Kilrest heard of his advancement, they flocked around his captainship, and, to a man, entered into the service of the viceroy, to forsake for ever the life they had led in the ruins of the ravine. The band of Arabs, who had been in the pay of Selinus during the late conflict, were also taken into the pay of the viceroy; all former animosities between

the Arabs and gipsies were forgotten, and they grew into good fellowship and became trusty guards.

Cairo had now become perfectly tranquil, and all was at peace. Selimus, with his family, continued at the castle, and after settling all his affairs, prepared to take his departure in his own ship, which now lay in the harbour of Bulac, and ready for sailing.

Sadak was introduced to Osmar, and received much marked attention from all classes of Mamelukes, as well as the viceroy: many looked on him as the chief instrument of their emancipation, as the castle might have withstood the power and force of the Mamelukes until all their force and power was exhausted; therefore the key which Sadak provided them with, and gave them so easy an entrance to the fortification, was certainly the means of so complete and momentary an overthrow of their enemies. Osmar returned his thanks to the noble-minded pagan, for himself and friends, from the throne and in public, de-

claring, at the same time, he was at full liberty to depart to his own country, and to demand the liberation of such of his native countrymen who were sold in the market of Cairo at the same time he was purchased.

Sadak was enriched with many costly presents, beside the jewels of the late caliph, which he was suffered to keep entire possession of, and a vessel put into requisition to convey him, with his beloved Zoa and countrymen, back to their native land. Nulac continued in his office, and was respected by all men.

A high and religious festival, which was followed by three days of public rejoicing, was now holden in Cairo, when the authority of Osmar was fully established; and the brave patriot and sincere friend, Arruck, publicly adopted the son of Osmar.

Early on the morning of the third day it was announced throughout the city, that the embarkation of the good Christian merchant Selinus, with his family and many friends, accompanied by the veteran Mon-

rod, was to take place early in the day, when for ever they would leave Egypt; and also at the same time, the noble pagan, Sadak, with the beautiful Zoa, and many happy released countrymen, would embrace the bosom of Old Nile, to seek again their native shores, and live in love and liberty. This information caused the whole city to be stirring, even from the highest officer in the state to the poorest plebeian; all seemed to feel an interest in the fate of some of the few who were about to depart for ever from them. One class felt for Selinus and his daughter, another perfectly remembered poor Felix's sufferings, and all felt a respect for old Monrod. The strange and noble pagan, with his beautiful companion, commanded the curiosity and attention of every one.

As the hour of embarkation drew near, the neighbouring quays were crowded to excess; the destined vessels, laying alongside and gaudily rigged, looked like lovely twins. A cavalcade was formed from the

castle, for the purpose of paying a last respect to those about to depart: anon the trumpets' sound filled the air; gongs clanged, musical instruments sounded amain, and all was universal commotion; captain Banca and his men, for their first duty, led the advance guard this day. To be brief, the castle and city disgorged its whole population to the water-side, and even on the water, for the bosom of the river was completely covered with various kinds of vessels, filled with spectators; the old and grateful caliph Osmar, attended his friends to the water's verge. The moment of separation arrived—that it were impossible to describle; suffice it to say, the deafening shouts of the multitude, the clanging of music, and the loud blasts of the horns, announced that all were on board. The sails were unfurled, and caught the propitious breeze; the vessels rolled majestically on the tide; now they move, and catch the stiffened gale—they fly along as two lovely sisters side by side, and swell

the waters as proud of their burthen; they grow less upon the straining eye—fainter now—fainter still—they are gone!

T. E.

Vauxhall, June 4, 1824.

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